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HOW A

One Legged Rebel Lives,



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE WRITER,

DURING AND SINCE THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

BY JOHN S. ROBSON.

RICHMOND:

W. H. WADE & CO., PRINTERS,
1876.



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HOW A
ONE LEGGED REBEL LIVES,
OR A HISTORY OF THE
52nd Virginia Regiment.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE WRITER,
DURING AND SINCE THE CLOSE
OF THE WAR.

CONCLUDING WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

JOHN RANDOLPH BARBEE,
THE DISTINGUISHED VIRGINIA SCULPTOR.

BY JOHN S. ROBSON.

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DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE MEMORY OF

GEN. JOHN C. PEGRA⁷ ⁷ ⁷

WHO WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE AT HATCHER'S RUN,
FEBRUARY, 1865.

PREFACE.

This book is not written because there is any apparent need of such a work, nor yet at the solicitation of friends, though their kind suggestions have influenced me, in part, but because I have an object in writing it, and that object is the money I expect to obtain from its sale. I am not selfish enough to believe it will be read, much less purchased by all, for such is not the fate of the best of books, and many good books find but few readers and fewer purchasers, nor do I hope to add much in the way of literature by my little pamphlet, yet I do not expect to fail altogether in giving something in return for what shall be paid me.

In its preparation I have been at some expense and a good deal of trouble, but at the same time, I have received much encouragement from my fellow-countrymen who have liberally aided me out of their means to have my book published.

To these generous persons I return my heartfelt thanks, and hope through their kindness to be enabled to do something for myself. I will do my own canvassing and employ no agents in its sale. Could I find employment in any way, I assure my readers I would not resort to authorship, but in these days of depression, when so many young and willing persons, sound of body and whole in limb, are out of employment and can find nothing to do, my chances are hopeless indeed. For hard and laborious work, I am physically unfit and few would be willing to pay me reasonable wages

when they can command the choice out of the best laborers. But I expect many will read my little book and not regret the small sum paid in its purchase. Some will read it, as they do other books, by borrowing it of those who buy, and these I anticipate will be my most severe and censorious critics, as is generally the case, and will see in it but little merit. But such is human nature, the world over, and such the fate of better books than mine, whose merits, which I do not claim for mine, have been no proof against the unkind and gratuitous criticism of that class of readers who gain the opportunity for criticism through the gratuitous kindness of the purchasers. This happens to new works, but we, by no means, wish to disparage the friendly interchange of literature between friends; we would rather encourage it, as it is productive of great good by the diffusion of knowledge.

It is not the borrowing then of which we speak, but it is the criticism, which experience says is almost certain to be the severest from the borrowers, and the reason is to be found in the fact that they whose generosity prompts them to buy my book, will have enough of that milk of human kindness left, not to pass upon it too severely, nor censure too rigidly the book they were kind enough to buy, by way of helping a ONE LEGGED REBEL.

So far as we know, this is the first effort of the kind made in this part of the State, perhaps in Virginia, and we may therefore claim for it novelty, and also the satisfaction that we are not adding our claims to any of a similar character heretofore made, nor distressing my friends by following in an old track by the adding of importunate demands upon their generosity.

I only hope, however, to be successful as an humble one of the many good and brave men, who, maimed by the war in the loss of a limb, have been thereby rendered unable to do equal battle, in the strife of the world, with the strong and more fortunate of my fellow-soldiers. True, I have been no idler, even though I am a cripple, and to within a few months, have been employed one way or another as opportunity offered. My success has been fair at times, and then again I have lost the little saved by the misfortunes of others. I do not wish to be a burden on friends or relatives, even though the latter were able to support me, but when fortunes have been scattered and the rich ruined by the fell hand of war, it is but fair to add that my relatives suffered too, and hence are unable to give me that aid or advance my business interests in any sphere for which I am fitted. Hence, I have resolved to sell my book in the hope thereby to be able to obtain an amount sufficient to set me up in some business by which I may make my own living. This is what I ask, and this I honestly hope to reach through the generosity of the many who will be willing to pay such a price for my book as will leave me a fair per centage on its cost.

My book pretends to nothing save the merit of its being written in the hope of doing no harm if it does no good. It is not methodical in its arrangement nor connected in its divisions, being mainly composed of thoughts and sketches, and a little of history. I think I may now with safety and propriety say of my little book, that the buyer will not altogether have lost his money. I only wish it were a better one and more entertaining as well as interesting, and of a higher literary degree of merit. I now submit



what has been written to a kind and generous public, with no greater solicitude than that which is felt by one who desires his work may meet with a favorable reception and so much of popular favor as may result in the reasonable pecuniary return for the purpose in view. In conclusion, as the quacks say of their nostrum, if it does no good, it can't possibly do much harm, as the dose is too homoeopathic in quantity, and this a good deal more than can truly be said of many of our publications which are [both paid for and read.

JOHN S. ROBSON.

HOW A ONE LEGGED REBEL LIVES.

CHAPTER I.

I have long contemplated giving to the public, in a book, my experience as a Southern soldier in the late war, and the kind and manner of my life since. At its close, in addition to the penniless condition of the majority of them, I found myself even worse off than the most of those who, without employment, were unfitted, from their long stay in camp and in the field, for a while at least, to resume the quiet and laborious pursuits of life. Whilst they had escaped the fearful ordeal and returned to their homes in the enjoyment of health, and sound in body, I was one of that large and unfortunate class who in the place of a once good leg, had that useful member replaced by a bogus representative, and a very bad one too; made out of good sound oak, and which by some, is quaintly denominated a "timber toe."

Like that celebrated hero of whom the poet speaks, my fix is represented in the lines:

Ben Battle was a soldier brave,
And used to wars alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his leg,
So, he laid down his arms.

If then to those who escaped this or other mutilations of body, the return of peace offered no easy road to life and its enjoyments, what was it to those who left a limb on some one of the many hard-fought fields of battle, or per-

haps two ; or, escaping this, had lost health in the prolonged struggle, and, helpless to take care of themselves, returned to be but a care to family or friends ? Great as are the enormities of war, whilst opposing forces are marching and contending, and meeting but to renew the last fight and offer another bloody ovation to the insatiate Mars, or to strew a fresh earth with the sacrificed and mangled bodies of their fellow-men, these great as they are, are but the first that attend upon the meeting of forces following them ; but still the direct issue and result, are the homes destroyed, the families dismembered, the bankrupt citizen and State ; a demoralized and demoralizing society, and the entire social organism infected with new and untried disease.

Then, too, there are those whom the sword spared only to be consigned to a less speedy but equally certain death, at the hands of those diseases which walk in the wake of armies and strike down the victims in rank and file, long after the grounding of arms and peace has returned to bless the land. They fall no less the victims of war, than they who, struck down in the din of the strife, breathe out their last, with arms in hand, in sight of the foe, who sent the death dealing lead. But theirs is even a worse lot, who having fought well and bravely, unstruck by the darts they did not fear and the foe before whom they never quailed, are reserved for future victims to fell disease, the seeds of which were sown even in the manly and heroic discharge of those duties for which a soldier is called by a threatened country. Their lodgment he could not displace by the exhibition of that patriotic courage and heroic bravery which brings victory to the standard, and against which opposing forces cannot withstand. These do not die on the field of battle, but on that field were begun the attacks which were in the more peaceful walks of life to claim them, and to which they were to yield that life which often exposed, had escaped the attacks of their human foes, whom on many a hotly fought field they met and faced.

They return to their homes to spend a few months, perhaps years, broken down and their health gone, unfitted to do battle for their own support, and often a care upon those whose time and efforts, divided between a strife for their own and the bread of the helpless soldier, give but a precarious and doubtful supply to either; and after a short and suffering trial at the home they so bravely defended, and with those with whom they stood and fought, fall a prey to the last dreaded enemy whose victory over them, aided by so sure an ally, was easily gained.

Again, thousands of sturdy veterans, once proud in their manly perfection and strong in their patriotic devotion, resume their places on the arena of life, with a part of their own dear selves, a leg or an arm, and sometimes both, buried in the earth they moistened with their blood and gone to decay on the fields forever made memorable, in a war almost unparalleled in modern history for its length, and the remarkable endurance and energy displayed in its prosecution on the one side, and the untiring resistance under so many and great difficulties and embarrassments, so resolutely manifested on the other. Many of these educated in the pursuits of life fitted to their tastes as means of livelihood, now no longer able to resume their former avocations, for one leg or one arm cannot do the duty of two, and incapacitated by the loss, obliged to change their trades and go through the severe ordeal of a second apprenticeship, frequently at none or nominal wages, and always at unremunerative prices, for a period till skill and education in their new pursuit placed them at a fair advantage with others similarly employed, if perchance, their loss was of such a character as not to operate against their advancement and skill. Added to this, and by no means the least of the disadvantages these maimed soldiers and members of a selfish and bustling world labored under, was the fact that in their loss, taste and inclination, those almost certain allies to successors, could not be consulted in the choice, but no longer the arbiters of their own fortunes, a maxim which if

good at all, can only be so in the case of a perfect body, *a sana mens in sano corpore*, the choice, if choice it could be called, when but a certain few out of the many avenues to a living were open to them, they must take that which they were fitted for under their changed and narrowed condition. Physical deformity barred them from pursuing what inclination might suggest, and unlike their more fortunate companions, they must seek what they could do and not that they would like to do. This is the position of the maimed soldiers; and an unfortunate one, indeed, for one of the lords of creation; for, in an æsthetical point of view, a man with one of his legs or an arm in the grave before its fellow, is as much one of the veriest lords of creation, as he who, equally bound by the ties of birth and kindred as well as through a national love of country, to help fight the battles of Fatherland in company with those of his county and State, prefers rather to stay at home and refuse to go to the front, and now when all is again quiet and the cry of war is no longer heard in the land, perambulates the earth he did nothing to save, perfect in limb and filled with all the due consequences of one of the lords of creation. More than this, the legless and the armless hero is as good a lord as the truest and noblest one, who right honorably and well deserves that distinguished honor, be he king, potentate or person. Then, too, what if our maimed soldier, in addition to his own three-quarters self, had a family who looked to him for the staff of life—not that staff which, culled from some forest, and shaped into a grim representative of a part of his person, imperfectly supplies his dead and forsaken member—but the staff which alone keeps soul and body together. True, this timber-toe is a right good and proper staff to him, and on it he may rely as a help by which to go forth and seek for the other; still what is to come to this family, whilst again learning a trade or educating himself in some restricted avenue, made necessary in his change of condition?

This is no fancy picture, nor one invoked for sensational purpose. Alas! the history of the late war provides us only with too many of these real and substantial pictures of facts, and there is no occasion for us, or any who dwell on the horrors of war, to make use of any fanciful or unreal ones. No other coloring is needed, save the simple and unadorned one of truth. Examples are only too many on both sides of the question, North and South, and facts, stubborn and unyielding facts, that show the simple truth is bad enough.

History already written is full of them—that which is yet to come and that which must remain forever untold, would fill volumes that for all good purposes are best buried in the oblivion which will never see the light.

But we have to do in these pages with other and brighter pictures. Our hero, if such I should call myself, and I only do so for want of a better title—our hero, or one like him, is to be found in almost every town, village and hamlet in this broad country. There are plenty of them in our own fair and beautiful county of Rappahannock, and I only claim to be a representative, however humble an one, of a large and unfortunate class. Indeed, my more than equal is to be seen, for there are those who fared even worse than myself, and instead of one, left two limbs on the bloody field. To these are left still fewer of the means for obtaining food and raiment. One favorite resort for these American Santa Annas have been the banks, counting houses and other clerical avocations; and, hence, wooden legs and timber-toes became well known ornaments to these places; but now, since so many banks have broken and offices closed, new spheres must be again sought. These places were eagerly sought by this class of war's unfortunates, and whilst the owners occupied the chair and plied the pen, the stumps gracefully stood in some convenient corner, (more than their owners could well do without them) ready to perform their special office. Again, all who had not the full complement of legs could not depend upon

their arms in clerical callings, because of unfitness by education; and hence, great was the ingenuity displayed and the skill evinced in accommodating themselves to pursuits and callings often as novel as ingenious.

Unfortunately, however, all are not so versatile in their talents nor enegetic in their natures, and the misfortunes which one would turn to good account and transfer into a blessing by this happy spirit of accommodation to change, might, in all probability, work the utter discomfiture of others less happily gifted by nature. This versatility of mind and talent, as well as of our physical functions, is one of these incomprehensible mysteries for which there is no solution and which follow no known law. It is, therefore, no evidence of demerit on the part of a One Legged Rebel to know he has shown none of this great and happy faculty of versatility in accommodating himself to changes over which he had no control. It is all a matter of taste and gift, and both, we know recognize no law, nor do tribute to any generally fixed rule. Hence, we ought not to condemn those whose misfortunes, of itself, may have paralyzed that energy so inseparable to deserved success, nor attribute to neglect what may be due to the force of unavoidable, at least, unavoidable circumstances. Some will grow rich on the most sterile and rocky land, whilst others will become poor on the best and finest of farms. Should we attempt this unkind rule of judging those who are possessed of so much less tact than ourselves, we would fall into error, for how many there are whose lives have fallen in pleasant places, and whose broad acres and heavy purses, not the work and result of their own labor, who robbed of this wealth by some such luck as a soldier loses his leg, would fall back stricken of spirit and unnerved, and utterly unable to join that large army who do daily battle for bread and raiment?

All minds are not alike, and what would paralyze one would only be an incentive for redoubled action with another. Taste and tact are two great moral levers—their absence constitutes no demerit.

CHAPTER II.

When the war of 1861 began, I had left the village of Woodville, in the county of Rappahannock, where I had spent many a happy day in the society of the good people of that charming county, and was pursuing my studies as a student at the Academy at Mossy Creek, in the county of Augusta, one of the best and finest of that noble stretch of fertile land, known far and near as the Valley of Virginia. Here together with a large number of students under the guidance of Prof. Thomas White, aided by a corps of efficient teachers, I was just beginning to make a fair start up the ascent to Parnassus, which was shortly to be so rudely stepped, and, unhappily for me, not to be again renewed. Here, in this quiet and prosperous valley, the long anticipated news reached us that that struggle which could not be checked, had actually begun, and armed forces were on the march for purposes of invasion into our own dear and sacred State. Fired with all the pride of birth and enthusiasm which inspired our youth, I left the classic shades at that momentous period in our history, and no longer able to pursue studies which must be neglected in a state of such general excitement and joined a company that was raising in Augusta. The tocsin of war was sounding and the busy din of preparation was heard on all sides. Eager and excited groups were discussing the state of affairs, and on every hand might be seen the beginning of what was to prove a long and disastrous war. I was at that time but little over fifteen years of age, and found it absolutely impossible to pay that attention to studies so necessary to their successful prosecution. It was under the great and absorbing excitement of that time, so well remembered, and which we cannot now recall without regretting the causes which led to such unfortunate conflict, that we doffed the academic robes and donning the garb of the soldier boy, started off to the wars.

Would that milder councils had then prevailed, and that in our future may our progress never again be staid and our prospects blighted by another resort of kings to the arbitrament of the sword—a decision of differences at once selfish and incomplete. Principles, like truth, are not always on the prevailing side or in the ranks of the heavier artillery, yet they are none the less eternal in that they did not prevail.

It is one of the inscrutable mysteries we cannot fathom, for it is indeed rare to see either men, armies or nations, who in their differences of opinion, whether the same lead to actual strife and conflict or not, who do not invariably claim that the principles for which they contend and the truths they strive to maintain are the true principles and principal truths, and controversy and conflict seldom do more than to widen the distance between the parties. It is the same with our social and political economists. Statesmen who differ and honestly contend for measures of government, though they become leaders of party and strengthen by numbers its adherents, do not, because they do lead and are followed, establish by numbers either the principle or truth of what they represent—and the success of party merely does establish the weight and power there is and necessarily must be in the preponderance of numbers and of majorities.

Since, then, the weight of numbers can carry a good as well as a bad measure, so can the overpowering numbers in rank and file, aided by equal skill and science, which for the sake of comparison should be the same, break down and put to flight an inferior enemy. Yet having done so, no argument proving the conquerer alone was right in that for which he contended, and the conquered wrong, can be educed.

So far from this, the contrary may be the truth, though it did not then prevail, nor can right prevail over might, all things else being equal, save as an exception wrought through Divine interposition. But these are questions of ethics which belong to philosophers; they are impalpable and impractical. Once angered and determined, people

resolve to try the hazard of inferior against superior numbers: On the 16th of June, 1861, being very young and inexperienced, I connected myself with Company D of the 52nd Virginia Regiment, at that time commanded by that great and eminent Virginian, Col. John B. Baldwin of Staunton. He was a noble man, a heroic soldier and a patriotic and learned lover of his country, and, at the breaking out of the war, at the head of the Staunton Bar, then and now celebrated for its array of talent and eloquence.

But it was alike impossible to keep the lawyer in his office, the student at his books, and the artist and mechanic at his work. All the youth of the State with rare exceptions and without distinction of caste or position, eagerly hastened to the army that was then being rapidly augmented from all parts of the South, operations clearly indicating that the principal seat of operations would be confined to the Northern portions of the Old Dominion. When it was certainly known war was inevitable, the great majority of Virginians who felt the progress of events could not longer be stayed, and whose efforts had been made for the preservation of the Union and for peace, now yielded to what must be, and loving their State with that ardor that has made it the mother of States and of Statesmen, joined in the struggle when neutrality meant disaffection. When the ordinance was finally passed, after so long deliberation, the State was no longer a divided one in sentiment and feeling, but presented almost an entire unanimity on the great and momentous question of that memorable period.

All was enthusiasm and excitement, and young and old hurried with eager unanimity to join the forces already in the field, and the exceptions were so few that in some counties not a single vote was cast to break the general unity of sentiment. The point of rendezvous was the town of Harper's Ferry, in the county of Jefferson, on the Southern bank of the Potomac, then in the State of Virginia but now the richest and finest in the youngest of the many States given out of the broad domains of the Old Dominion to

the general government for its good; now, in West Virginia, the last State, not given by the mother of States, but torn from her during the labors of a terribly suffering ordeal. My parents lived then as they now do, in the good old county of Rappahannock, one of the long belt of counties binding upon the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a chain that extends some seven States, from the coal and iron fields of the Key Stone State far down to the cotton plantations of Georgia, connecting two distant countries so different in climate, products and the habits and customs of their people. These mountains form the back ground of a beautiful country, whose inhabitants are known for their thorough Virginia character, their prodigal hospitality and the beauty, grace and loveliness of her women. Here and there, as these high mountains wind their vast length along, may be seen some high and towering peak which lifts its green top far above the general line, and stands like some gigantic sentinel among the clouds of heaven. We know nothing of the beauties of European scenery, but here in the county of Rappahannock the lover of nature may gaze on scenes and beauties which might well satisfy him, and no trip to other countries could probably offer grander and more imposing ones than can be found in the mountains and valleys of the State. A visit to Mary's Rock, which, like all other noted places, has its history and its legend, will well repay the pains and fatigue of a trip to its high and towering top, one of the highest perhaps along the whole line of the Blue Ridge in the State. Here the eye can see for many miles a vast stretch of country that lies far below, dotted by the houses of the thrifty and generous people of Rappahannock.

This county is one of the best irrigated in the State. There can scarcely be found a farm through which some branch does not pass, and in almost every field may be found a spring of the best of water. Its people were then a happy, industrious and prosperous one, fond of their county and devoted in their allegiance to the State, of

which they were justly proud. No county made a quicker or readier response to the call of the State than did the hardy sons of Rappahannock, and none withstood the trials and changes of that period with a greater strength, firmness, and patient sacrifice than did her sons and daughters.

They cheerfully gave of their substance, they contributed a full share of soldiers, and her daughters, with a grand and sublime self-sacrificing spirit, aided and encouraged by their devotion and beautiful ministrations, a cause that could never have lived through so long a time of adverse surroundings as it did, without the sublime fortitude and Spartan courage of the fair and peerless daughters of the Sunny South. All honor and praise to them; they are doubly honored in the duties done, the sacrifices made and the heroism displayed in a time that so sorely tried the souls of men; and the brightest page in all that eventful history is the one upon which will be recorded the deeds and sacrifices, the suffering and ministrations of the good and gentle daughters of this our glorious Old Commonwealth. Happy the State, thrice happy the land, which is blessed by the gentle and holy influences of such women as they of the sunny clime of the South proved themselves to be throughout the trying times of our late war. The part they bore and the influence exercised by them was at no time abated, and in many a dark and gloomy hour when all was shaded by deep gloom, their holy fortitude rose superior to the hour, and men once more threw off the depression that had almost possessed them, when they saw the pure and glorious stand taken by the women of the South, and again they went forth, newly nerved for other and heavier trials. From the beginning to the sad ending they were the ablest and truest allies to the men in the field.

Their influences aided in filling depleted ranks, and gave renewed ardor and endurance to the suffering soldier. No sacrifice so great they did not cheerfully endure, no trials of their strength so heavy they did not willingly undergo, and whether in the hour of defeat or of victory,

they were the same true, grand and sacrificing spirits. They gave up their husbands, their fathers, their sons, and their brothers with a heartfelt prayer for their safety and success; and in the same spirit dispensed with the luxuries so usual with them, and ever ready to yield their jewels to the coffers that good might come to the cause they so dearly loved. History will be searched, but searched in vain, for their equals are not to be found; and though the glory that surrounds the Spartans, who gave their tresses for bow strings to their husbands and sons, has come down to us from the past as the grandest that had ever surrounded the deeds of woman, yet, it was reserved to the daughters of the South to furnish the greater, and truer, and purer exemplification of woman's self-devotion to principles in the war that ended upon the fatal fields of historic Appomattox. All honor to the men who did so well, but none the less to the women who aided them by the holy power of their strong influence.

CHAPTER III.

The county of Rappahannock, one of the Piedmont Region, was once a part of Culpeper, from which it was taken some years ago. Her sons, reared in the true style of Old Virginia families, in a genial and exhilarating climate, and used from youth to the sports of the chase, the exciting lists of the tournament and other manly and outdoor amusements peculiar to Virginia and other of the Southern States, were admirably fitted by birth and education for the duties of the soldier, and a finer looking and nobler set of men than they who hailed from the county of Rappahannock were not to be seen in the armies of the South. They are tall, finely formed and sturdy; generous in their impulses, of strong and native affinities and attachments, and great pride of home and of State.

Their devotion, endurance and courage, were of the best and surpassed by none, and in beautiful harmony with the

promptness and rapidity with which they rallied to the call of the State. Many a hard fought field attests their presence and their valor and on which they now rest in the sleep of death. Wherever work was to be done there these men were to be found, and the county may well recall with pride and satisfaction the fact that where all did so well none did better than the hardy sons of the old mountain county. The Rappahannock cavalry under the different commands of Grimsley, Willis, Swindler, Green, Duncan, Fristoe, Browning, Anderson, Eastham, Brownell, as their captains or officers in charge—the different companies of infantry under Massie, Popham, Walden, Moffet, Eastham, Williams, Spicer, Dudley, Hill, Vanderslice, Gibson, Swindler and others, at different periods, with the members composing them of equal courage and patriotism and endurance, were at their posts and their duties throughout the whole war.

The many armless sleeves and dangling legs of pantaloons, speak a tribute that needs no words to attest that Rappahannock was duly represented where missiles of death were dealing out loss and destruction. These armless and legless survivors are to be seen in every village and locality of this county—with parts of their bodies gone to join the earth—gone as heralds and forerunners to that bourne as yet undiscovered by living man, and to which the remainder of their bodies are hastening. These are living and moving testimonials, the ever present reminders of days when men stood the brunt and faced the shock of the crash of arms where none but men would stand and none but men would face the foe. These are the proof which require no attestation, and yet, the same dauntless spirit that inspired these men to meet their loss was equally shared by those who escaped. They all were just such men as could win battles where battles were to be won.

The long-roll of the dead and missing who gave their lives to the cause and sealed their devotion with their blood, has many a noble name among its lists whose memo-

ries will ever be dear to the State and never be forgotten by the people of Rappahannock, and who, though they mourn the loss of sons, kindred and friends, are yet thankful in their sad bereavement that they died the deaths of true soldiers and sleep in honored and unforgotten graves. That list comprises names that still survive in living representatives, and as long as patriotism demands respect and courage admiration, in many a vacant family in this county will be reared bright altars of fond and grateful remembrance that will outlive the lapse of time, and be crowned with the garlands of true affection and enduring love. In a war eminently distinguished for the individual prowess, gallantry and enterprise of its soldiers, it is matter of no little satisfaction to know that the boys from Rappahannock gave as good a record of their career as any others. In fact, there is but little, if any distinction, to be seen in the conduct of the soldiers from Virginia, and where all did so nobly and well, it is with none other aim to speak of any particular part of them save in that spirit so natural, which like charity begins at home, and as the people of Rappahannock are dear to me, because I am one of them and among them I was born and among them lived; still their praise is the praise of the State, and the praise of Virginia is that of all the South

Many a deed of individual daring and of enterprise is even yet told of the boys from this good old county, which for cool and courageous execution will bear no unequal comparison with those of the Swamp Foxes, with the chivalrous Marion at their head in the days of '76. The old State was well represented in the late war, even as she has always been in all the great and trying events in the history of our country, save only with single and marring exception, that of the undutiful separation from her of that former portion, which now rejoices in the name of West Virginia, as a separate State in the glorious constellation of States.

Strange it is that the same spirit that led to so rash and selfish an end, did not likewise suggest the propriety of

choosing a new name to the total exclusion of the old ; that in her divorcement the name of Virginia should still be preserved in the assumption of new and divorcement of old ties. The one redeeming trait in this sundering of the remnant of the once broad and extensive domains of the Old Dominion, was perhaps the remembrance of the name which had become so doubly dear, that even in the hour of forcible and self-executed separation, the name, the proud and glorious name of Virginia was retained, whereby the last and only unnatural one of her many offspring should be known and called. Virginia has undergone many processes of decrease, whereby she gave to the good of the country thousands of square miles of splendid territory, and yet it was reserved for the last cutting away of her acres to be the unkindest cut of all. It was literally a forced confiscation without even the usual right of redemption—a right accorded by natural and general law, yet in this one case denied—as usurped acquisitions, like necessity know nor recognize any law. It is, however, consoling to know that with this last we have parted with all the land that the most exacting caprice of government could exact from us ; and that what is left, after all have been so bountifully helped, is scarcely worth the dividing ; and yet, amid all her gifts and the stolen part of her fertile soil, the still proud and generous dispenser of it all—the mother of States and Statesmen—that which remains to her, amid the parting of so much, still bears the old and honored name, and with the name may well be proudly glad to witness the success and prosperity of her numerous and distinguished progeny ; a success which though now denied to her, she yet views in them as a fond and loving parent and jealous mother. And, yet, we must not forget that great consideration and honor are due those brave and true men, those loyal sons of the mother State and worthy sons of the Old Dominion, who left their homes, no longer willing witnesses of, nor partakers in the deed that had been done, and stood squarely and fairly in the ranks of their kindred,

rejecting the overtures of the Pierpont government, and cut off from all the conveniences of home and its comforts, remained throughout the toil and heat of the day, even unto the end of it. They, like the noble spirits from Maryland, were subjected to the additional discomforts of not being able to pay even periodical visits to their own firesides, and frequently prevented, for long periods, of sending words of greeting to or receiving intelligence from those of their households.

And yet under these manifest discomforts, not shared in by the men from other Southern States, save at short times, these refugees were soldiers of sound and staunch principles and of indomitable spirit and heroism. And here we recall an oft remarked and well remembered fact, which owes its strangeness to what might well be termed an argument against the old accepted truism, that the best soldiers are they who have been trained to hard, out-door work, and that the sons of farmers and others used to daily toil under the heat and cold of the year, are better suited for the rigors of camp than they who were reared in the stores, counting-rooms and other in-door pursuits. That our farmers, mechanics and laborers made good, in fact, the best of soldiers, we know, and gladly testify to their efficiency in all that goes to make up the grand total of a patriot and warrior, and yet, that the other class, less laboriously experienced, made any the less as good, we cannot admit, much as it is opposed to reasonable supposition; for a little reflection upon the part of those whose attention may not have been drawn to the matter, and a hurried retrospect of their camp observations, will verify the truth of the proposition that some of the most delicately raised youths, the extent of whose out-door life had been confined to an occasional ramble in quest of game in the neighboring fields, and whose smooth white hands knew no rougher experience than the driving of the quill or turning of the ledger, met the privations, faced the hardships and endured the life of the soldier with quite as much spirit and stamina as any other class of persons.

The difference in life did not make such a contrast on the field as might naturally be looked for; and a few months of the rough and wear of camp life, and a brush or two with the enemy, did greater work of transformation in delicate, untried form of the town youth, than could be looked for—and at the expiration of his novitiate, his nerves, even though less stontly braced than his country comrade, were toned down to a fighting-pitch that would do equal and as severe service.

This was the rule, and exceptions, though there may have been on both sides of the proposition, more due to other causes than the previous manner and character of life upon the part of those forming such exceptions. Like the old maxim upon which the lovers of the turf base their preferences—for certain racers: “*Blood will tell, age aint nowhere,*” so with the soldier; spirit and vim is the one great thing needful; the presence of it makes the veteran in spite of youth and delicacy, and the want of it cannot be supplied, though all the forms, appliances and circumstances of glorious warfare may combine to make the recruit come up to the sticking point. Indeed, such was the happy effects of the good, pure air of camp—surrounded as it was during the earlier months of the war—with good, sound food, that it proved a sure cure, a panacea to many who had been almost invalids and entered the war suffering from the effects of some debilitating and prostrating complaints. These rapidly threw off influences which had resisted the care and agencies of nursing and remedies at home, and this may be justly regarded as one of the few and extremely rare good effects, or, rather influences of the war; and yet the same could be as well secured without making a war specially for the benefit of this class of invalids, by their adopting a life similar to that of war, and yet without any of their other diabolical aids and contrivances for destroying life rather than renewing and preserving the same. So, then, *this* can scarcely be reckoned a good characteristic of war, and even the single effect of one relieving

and redeeming trait of this evil-bearing and horror-producing engine for the indulging of the worst propensities and passions of men and nations is denied to it, and it must still stand, for want of any excuse or palliation to be offered or advanced by us, or any other, still the guilty thing it is, without the poor defense of one solitary plea or apology, and without the aid of one powerless pleader or apologist.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not our intention to follow the course and progress of the war, as we are not writing a history. The points at which we touch upon it are those suggested without reference to method or system, selected here and there and omitting many altogether. To do otherwise would require time and the expenditure of care which belongs exclusively to the historian, and we particularly wish to keep clear from its special province. Too many of these, unfortunately for the good of the country, have already been cast industriously upon the public. Prejudiced and prejudged for the most part by the peculiar and special stand points from which written, and colored by much that was not the truth of events, rather than being an addition to the annals of the country, they only represent party feelings and partisan dogmas. But this has been, is now and must be in all probability. By it we are misled in our judgment and estimate of the past with which we have no other means of knowledge, save what is contained in the books handed down, and the still less accurate sketches of tradition. The duty, therefore, of a historian is especially a distinct and sacred one, stript of all that license with which caprice and irresponsibility is so apt to invest it; and though there may be honest and honorable intentions on the part of him who undertakes this office, and even though he believes he is impartially correct, yet, with all the care and nicety of detail of an eye witness, so far as the opinions, beliefs and deductions formed, they are invariably those of the writer,

and not the truth in its pure, absolute form. Exceptionally correct, indeed, will be the result if there be no further innovation beyond that of opinion—usually the extension leads to the distortion of facts themselves; and, of course then, as history, it is a misnomer. All books, more or less, are parts of history, and as such bequeathed as legacies to posterity often for purposes of concealment, only dealing in what the author designedly details for some purpose or profession which he intends thereby to aid and advance; hence what should be one of the most inviolate of all the departments of literature, instead of becoming means for the recital of truth, is basely prostituted to selfishly corrupt and base uses—merely instruments of misinformation.

How many facts thus distorted, and good and worthy characters thus ruined, are the work of those who pretend to the duties and office of historians. The clear deduction from this is that as history is but a reproduction and development of events and periods, its only true end is to give plain, absolute truths, unvarnished and unadorned by passion or caprice. With all the safeguards with which an honorable person will surround it, it is a blessing and a great one, and without them nothing but an evil in disguise.

Terribly bad as are the details of much conducted with the late war, yet so far as the South is connected, with whose part in it we are more thoroughly intimate, they have been so partially metamorphosed and intentionally prejudged, that even before the smoke of conflict had cleverly been cleared away, revealing the clear, unclouded skies of a returning peace, there were those who could not await the return of calmer quiet and the departure of their own passions, but dipping their pens in the yet undried blood of the slain, undertook, of all men the least fit, to be the writers and historians of that memorable event, whilst their own feelings were strangers to the truths and aliens to the facts about which they were about to write, and of which they were to be the informers of the whole world. So far has this unjust spirit been indulged, that it is a question of

no small importance, whether the direct effects of these unhistorical writings have not lead to the perpetration, since the war, of that estrangement of feeling which before it, led to the dire calamity of civil war itself! Have they not kept alive and continually agitated what might else have died an easy and natural death—and have not the partizan speeches, editorial appeals and imprudent efforts of writers, served but to delay the happy return of good feeling and understanding between the different sections of our country? There is no doubt both sides indulged in this species of history to an extent that was not to be successfully combatted and restrained by the many conservative and patriotic men in the North and South, and whose efforts to stem this torrent were futile and of no avail.

As I am clear of having added one single line, or of making a single speech before the war, so now I hope to steer clear, in my little book, of aiding in keeping alive the memories and animosities begotten of that unhappy struggle.

On the other hand it is my humble wish, as it shall be my aim, by all means in my power to hurry the coming of a perfect and complete restoration of the Union, even as it was in the glorious days when this nation was the best in the world—such a consummation may well be hastened by all who love and honor their country, and, humble though I am in my own estimate, yet the desire for such a triumphant end is not wanting in me, however, deficient my ability, and when all act and think on this principle, the thing is already accomplished. Each one, under the great organic system recognizing the equality of all before the law, has his power of influence either for good or for evil, and to exert the one to its greatest extent and restrain the other as much as possible, is the great and exalted duty of an American citizen. Especially ought he so to do when he clothes his thoughts in the perpetuating and living livery of the press; for books live and do their work wherever read or are found and thought cultivated; and no book, but would like its author, has its influence for good or ill.

It is a silent, but ever working power, outliving the day and age of its birth, and carrying down to yet unborn readers the same resistless, the same undying power. This exceeds the power of spoken words, for theirs oftentimes is confined to the hour and manner of their utterance, and when once removed or forgotten, loose that nervous life which accompanied their diction, whilst books are forever around and about us, forever changing hands and readers, and all the while making new whilst seldom losing old admirers.

CHAPTER V.

I joined the army a few weeks after the withdrawal of the forces under command of Gen. J. E. Johnson, from Harper's Ferry, at which point they had been stationed from the 18th day of April, the day upon which the first forces left their homes to engage in what they then thought would prove, at the furthest, nothing worse than a forced absence from the comforts of home for a few months, but which, like all other human calculations of the unknown future, proved to be one of the longest and most gigantic wars known to history. What was thought to be a skirmish or two, crowned with a glorious achievement of victorious terms, proved to be one that for all good and human purposes, had better never have been precipitated. The beginning was all sunshine, hope and enthusiasm—the end, when it came, after its long coming—was to be in a sad and mournful contrast to the bright picture of its beginning.

Harper's Ferry had long been one of the most important of our inland towns, both because of its railroad and water facilities, its grand and majestic scenery as well as for its being the location of the largest armories for small arms in the U. S., and with the exception of one other similar manufactory at Springfield, in Mass., the only one of the kind in the country. These two supplied our whole equipment of arms previous to the war, so far as we know. The

armory was a large and extensive affair, comprising many buildings substantially erected along the southern bank of the Potomac and within a few rods of it; the intervening space being the site of the track of the B. & O. R. R. Co. The structure which supports this track, is a solid wall, declining to the water's edge, built of the beautiful blue limestone of that part of the State.

The wall is probably forty feet high and protects the armory buildings from the overflowings of the river, and which, without it, could hardly stand the tremendous power of one high freshet which the Potomac is accustomed to send through its banks during the opening weather of Spring. The history of the building of this wall is this: About the year 1832, the B. & O. R. R. Co., obtained permission from the then Secretary of War of the U. S., to place its track along the southern bank of the Potomac, giving the right of way—in other words, in consideration for the building of this huge wall by this company, the U. S., by this agreement securing their own armory buildings from rises of the river. The site of the track for a distance of nearly a mile from the Ferry, westward, is supported by this wall and by trussel work; the road being at points but a few feet above and from the edge of the water, with high cliffs on the other side of the track.

The erection of this wall affording a secure road-bed to the railroad, and protecting the armory of the U. S., was made at great expense, but is such a work as will need no repairs and will stand the wear and tear of years. All these costly works of the government and their valuable machinery were destroyed on the evacuation of the place in the early Summer of 1861, since when, they have been virtually abandoned by the U. S., so far as the resumption of wharves is concerned, and the old site, together with the of the thereon, were sold some few years since to a private company with the purpose to make use of the splendid wind power for milling and other manufacturing purposes.

Though the sale was made, yet no use has been made of the grounds, the only attempt made being one of a speculative turn, by which this company undertook to make the B. & O. R. R. Co., pay a large bonus to them for the use of the ground upon which their track lies for nearly a mile and in front of the old armory. This demand for money, the amount of which, we believe, approached to nearly a quarter million of dollars, was based upon the invalidity of the contract made in 1832, heretofore referred to between the B. & O. R. R. Co. and the then Secretary of War of the U. S., averring the said Secretary transcended his powers in entering into any such agreement, and that they, the purchasers from the U. S., to whom the rights and powers in the armory had descended by purchase, by the power of the right of substitution, would proceed to collect the amount of money claimed through the Courts if not paid.

Of course, the great and powerful corporation refused compliance with such a proposition to a right of way they had quietly enjoyed for more than a quarter of a century, and out of this refusal, grew a long and tedious law suit, which reached a final termination only a few months since, in the Court of Appeals of West Virginia, in the entire favor of the railroad, who, by this decision have forever quieted their easement and enjoyment of this disputed narrow track of rocks and sand, of utter uselessness to any one save for the purpose it is now used. We have referred to this as a matter of interest, showing the powers of the Secretary of War in making contracts, and also as being a part of the history of the old armory, its destruction and abandonment.

Now, that this matter has been put at rest, and no further issue as to the rights of parties to this really splendid water power can arise, there is no reason why so good a property should not at once be put to some useful purpose—that, for ornaments, of turning the swords and muskets, there manufactured, into pruning-hooks and plough shears. It is to be hoped the buzz and hum of lively machinery may soon be heard here, as in the old days of high and busy life in the

famous old town of Harper's Ferry. We were so forcibly impressed whilst passing through this old Potomac town, a few weeks since, made memorable by the insane attempt of John Brown, who chose it as the basis of his operations in his chimerical attempt in 1859, and again as the first rallying point for Virginia and Southern soldiers in 1861, at the great change that has taken place in it. Perhaps no place in the State, save the hospitable old Virginia town of Fredericksburg, presents so signal ear-marks of the war as Harper's Ferry. Its grand mountain scenery, which our good Jefferson pronounced to be worth a trip across the Atlantic to see, is all that is left unmarked by the decay of ruin; all else, the houses, the walls, the streets would make no bad counterpart of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. And all this is due to the war, for before its blighting hand was laid upon it, it was a prosperous and thriving place. No improvement is to be seen to relieve the dull monotony of its general dilapidation, only blackened charred walls and timbers, buildings toppling as if fall was inevitable in spite of the props underneath to steady them. Strange to say, the reaction that has taken place in other and larger towns in the State, is not yet visible here, and you feel as though the war had not yet ceased, and this war-worn place had just been deserted by one of the two armies in dread anticipation of the coming of the other. The Maryland Heights just across the river, once the stronghold of the Union forces, and on whose southern crest there then bristled with the grim-visaged siege pieces, now presents a quiet pastoral scene, in strong relief to the town on the opposite side of the river. Here, high up among the tall peaks of the Blue Ridge, may be seen a herd of many colored goats, quietly feeding on the scanty herbage, and yet so wild, there they remain unfed and uncared for by man, approached by none, and as safe, though in full sight, as if among the Alpine fastnesses of their native peaks; there they have remained, till from a single pair, let loose during the war, they now number more than a hundred, presenting a pleas-

ing and picturesque sight, attractive, especially to passengers on the many passing trains far down below.

Here, too, among the other remarkable natural curiosities to which all comers, as in duty bound, wend their steps, is "Washington's Rock," high up on these heights, and so named from a resemblance, so called, real or fanciful, said to be seen in the rough figure of a man which stands out in bold relief on the granite height, to the features of the Father of his Country.

Many claim the likeness is there, rough hewn in the hard mountain granite, a freak of the great sculptor nature, who determined that the name and fame of so good, so great, and noble a Virginian should be carved in material that should stand coeval with time itself, and thus gave us on *our* own soil, and on the mountains of his country, this counterpart of him whom all delight to reverence by the endearing name of Father.

The 52nd Virginia, of which I was a member, was at the period of my joining, commanded by that eminently good man and distinguished lawyer, Col. John B. Baldwin, of Staunton, Va., whose deservedly high reputation as a Statesman and in his profession was but enhanced and made greater by his record in the field. A man of marked abilities and eminent genius, his rank was with those who stood in the front of the bar in Virginia at a time when her bar had many giants in mind, and whose lips were as pure as their records brilliant.

He died as he had lived, an honor to his State and to his country. My first military experience was with that little band who left the mountains of their native homes far behind them to the east, and went a soldiering among the wilds of strange and to us unknown and bigger mountains than our own dear blue topped ones of Eastern Virginia. Far off among the peaks and crags of the Alleghanies, twin brother of the Blue Ridge, we pitched our unpretending tents, and there, amid the awful grandeur of those silent fastnesses, we first tasted of the bitter sweets of a soldier's life. No one

need go to Italy to enjoy the master pieces of that great artist of all, Nature, so long as he can see more than either Italy or Switzerland, can boast of among the mountains of the Alleghanies! True, I have not had the advantage of an European tour, and am merely a partial judge, but if the evidence of those who have seen both and the records of those Americans who have made the tour, go for testimony, there are even other of American sceneries, save those of the mountains of Virginia, which may well contend for the palm with the far famed lands of Europe. "See Naples and then die," had passed into an aphorism, if we mistake not, before the maker of it knew much about America, and if he did, we may excuse his selfishness on the ground of natural love and affection. Sure it is, there is quite enough to satisfy even the exquisite taste of a true lover of nature in the sublime pictures of this western half of the globe, even if we of that part of it known as the United States—who not vainly boast the best government under the sun—cannot agree among ourselves as to which part of it has the finest natural scenery.

Whilst the land of the Hudson lays claim to precedence, a Catskill pleads no less her own; and so, from every part of our fair domains comes the same note of pleas entered for the same prize; and surely among so many distinguished rivals for the honor of having the finest and grandest gifts of nature and of her God, there is enough in our own fair and beautiful land to satisfy the seeker after these grandly sublime feasts of the eye, to save him the unpatriotic undertaking of looking them up under foreign skies. Then, too, you know my good reader, it has been promised by some wise looker-on and observer among the peculiarities of peoples and nations, and one too that observed for a purpose, that all Americans who so greatly desire a trip to Europe, that if they live good lives here, they will go to Paris when they die, or as this same quaint observer puts it: "All good Americans go to Paris when they die." But enough of this. Our camp duties were not severe, nor our fighting of much

of a number one kind, whilst out in the land of big mountains and big cattle, though we did have several number one scares of the first water; all of which we learned soon afterwards to regard as very little indeed, and not a fair patching to what we soon experienced whilst playing foot cavalry in the Valley, under the great Jackson. Still it was a good drilling, a novitiate through which recruits pass before they can lay claim to the title of old soldiers. Nothing of any interest occurred till we had to leave those western wilds at the instance of our quondam enemy General Milroy, who took it into his head that we Johnnie Rebs had about enough of the fine sights and sceneries of that romantically disputed region, and fearing if we tarried longer there, there wouldn't be plenty enough upon which the admiring gaze of his own men might feast, (we have learned since he had some Swiss and other European fellows with him who had come all the way over to see sights, and couldn't get close enough to see good whilst we were there,) gave us some premonitory admonitions that the time had come when the places that then knew us, must know us no longer. Understanding the wishes of his Generalship, who possibly may have had some oil interest there to look after, to mean we must "git up and git," we accordingly obeyed instructions, as all good soldiers should do, (though I don't know whether we would have done so under other circumstances, just to please General Milroy,) we accordingly did get out, and that was the last of our Alleghany experience as a soldier, bad luck to the same.

But we made the acquaintance of one, when we reached West View, a few miles west of Staunton, General Milroy still admonishing us to "git up and git," and had kept at our heels all the way—one of whom report had said many cheering things and whose strong aid and heavy hand we knew could help us to a day of rest from the foe who had so unrelentingly followed us. That man was the great, the immortal Jackson. He had come to call a halt for us, and right well did he and his men do it. Never shall I forget the change a

few hours of his presence among our little band of worn out and fatigued soldiers from the Alleghanies, wrought among us. We felt the inspiration of safety and deliverance from his presence, and instead of a retreating army at the command of a Milroy, we faced about in a few hours, to go over the back-track, but this time as the pursuers, not as the pursued. The whole change seemed to be the work of magic; and how our late pursuers could have known the difference in our situation, I cannot tell, but certain it was, they at once began to change their own movement, and off Jackson started in the pursuit of Milroy, with his little army—part of which he had brought with him. The march was a terribly severe one, as much as 37 miles being passed over in a day, and that too, over a rough road leading over mountains and across the narrow valleys lying between them.

The result of this move was the battle of McDowell, fought on the evening of the 9th of May, 1862, and which lasted far into the night. The battle was fought on a small mountain and in among the many spurs of that hilly country, plentifully watered by rivulets and streams, affording fine grass and pasturage for the cattle so numerous in that country. Our men slept that night where they fought, ignorant the enemy had taken advantage of the earliest darkness to send on their trains, which their army followed sometime during the night, and so the first gray light of the early morn revealed the fact that we were entirely the conquerors in that mountain fight, and Milroy was hurrying on to get to a place of safety in reaching distance of the B. & O. R. R., where re-inforcements could readily be sent to his aid. A running fire was kept up on the part of our cavalry, who followed them, till the army reached Franklin. Here the pursuit was abandoned, and Jackson's object had been satisfactorily accomplished, that of preventing the junction of the force we routed at McDowell, with Banks who was on his way up the Valley. After resting all day Sunday we began the return march towards Staunton, leaving that place some miles to our right and gained the Valley Pike by way of

the Alum Springs. At Newmarket we crossed over to the Page Valley, and then began the run after Mr. Banks, which ended in running him completely out of the State with almost the total loss of his wagons and army stores, all of which fell into our hands, and constituted a rich and handsome prize, and one which was much needed by our army. These immense stores with 300 wagons were safely taken to Staunton, and from the complete capture made, Gen. Banks was quaintly denominated commissary to General Jackson, by which title he was celebrated in patriotic verse by some rhyme-making Confederate, which was heartily sung by the boys in gray, all joining in a rousing chorus to celebrate the kindness of Mr. Banks in handing over to them so many nice things to whose use they were beginning to be strangers

And, here, we remark the quick versatility and fitness by which some one in the ranks was always sure to turn every unusual incident and occurrence to good account for the amusement and passing enjoyment of his comrades. No matter how tired, fatigued and hungry, the very appearance of anything out of which a funny remark, or running jest could be made, there was always some one equal to the occasion, and the hearty, joyous laugh, followed by the repeated joke as it passed down along the line for the benefit of all, awoke a pleasing relief from the contemplation of more serious matters. In this irresistible spirit of fun, that particularly distinguished the Southern soldier, some most excellent jokes were manufactured, fit and apt for the times and scenes of their perpetration, but which lose much of their charm in the transfer to times of peace. The soldier would have his moments of relaxation and fun, and this at the expense of all without respect to persons, caste or position, and unfortunately fixed the luckless wight or elegantly adorned man at home when his presence among the troops gave the signal for the fun to begin.

And begin it did just as soon as some one of these joke manufacturers could take in the requirements and necessities

of the occasion, and fix upon the most vulnerable point of attack about his victim. In anticipation of what was surely to come, all prepared themselves as the singing master did his whistling class, by the order to pucker lips, for a good general laugh given with all the utter disregard to rule and system which distinguished their no less hearty and equally as boisterous shouts in the hours of victory. The Southern soldier did nothing by halves nor without vim and spirit; and the volumes of mirth and frolic that rolled up from the long line of march was more than enough to keep it still moving as its boisterous sounds were taken up in redoubled repetition; and the funny spectacle presented of thousands of men laughing at one end of the line, the joke of which began at the other a mile or more off, and the merits of which they were completely ignorant of, and would not know till it reached them down the line, handed from one to another by a slow yet certain communication. All laughed because they knew something good had happened, and as laughter was one of the few articles that was not contraband and consequently by no means scarce, they felt it was good for them to engage in it, in sympathy for those who were enjoying the cream of the joke and which would reach them by and by. How many a heavy and weary hour was relieved of much of its depression by this irresistible tendency to joke and laugh! It was the safety valve through which he gave out the overplus of his bad feelings whilst through it he drew in fresh supplies of exhilarating buoyancy to cheer and enliven. Oftimes the least thing would be enough to give the start, and when once fairly begun the very welkin would ring and ring again, provided there was any such thing about that could be rung. A rabbit frequently would suffice, and so the poor terrified animal vainly tried to extricate itself from the labyrinth of human bodies that opposed its every jump and hemmed it in on every side, the tremendous cheer and awful din of voices striving to out do each other in the amount of noise, completely unnerved the startled and paralyzed animal, so

that it fell an easy and powerless prey. It was a current solution that was often given as the cause of these hearty outbreaks to any enquiring novice, that all that hubbub and noise was due either to the passing of Jackson along the line, or else the men had started a rabbit, one or the other, but just which one could not be told till further report. Either was sufficient and it was a matter of history that Stonewall never passed the line on the march, or made his appearance in camp, that he was not greeted by a hearty, spontaneous greeting of the men. The man elaborately decked out in all the spotless cleanliness of store clothes, was sure to be invited to come out of that hat. "I know you are there for I see your toes working;" or, "mister, I say you needn't tell me you 'aint inside that biled shirt, for I see your arms hanging out;" or, "come out of them 'ere boots, I know you're in them, for anybody can see your ears a working out the top;" these and hundreds more, were relentlessly perpetrated to the infinite disgust and contempt of the victim, but to the complete enjoyment of all the boys, who finished the cruel discomfiture of the hapless victim with a laugh and chorus that sounded the retreat of the object of their fun. And, woe to the imprudent or thoughtless one who attempted to brave the attack by any assumption of wounded dignity, or to reply to the overtures of advice given with any spirit of bravado or petulance.

Such reception of the overtures tendered him, was the signal for a general marshaling of all the wit and genius of the combined fun-loving characters among his persecutors, and in the joining of forces against him, if he fared no worse he was sure to beat a quick and precipitate retreat from off the scene of his merciless discomfiture and from the presence of his relentless tormentors. Under such circumstances the best way out of the matter was to bear what could not be forborne—to receive the thrusts in a calm and satisfied manner even though stinging under the knowledge you are being the butt of all the fun that is being manufactured—and to get out of the unlucky scrape at the

sacrifice of dignity, and with the loss of much of your own good opinion of your beauty.

One ever enjoyable and exhaustless source of this same spirit of persecution ; was the naive and quaint manner in which the old foot soldiers persecuted there more fortunate companions, the cavalry.

But this, perhaps, was due to the fact that more or less of envy entered into the composition of that degree of persecution with which they treated the mounted soldier ; for there were but few, who could they have exercised their choice, but who would gladly have exchanged into this branch of service. The help of a horse was some relief to which the infantry were total strangers, and when we remember the vast amount of ground over which they passed, it is not to be wondered at that the exchange in this respect would have been a good one. Be this as it may, the footmen affected a poor opinion of the experience of the fighting qualities of the cavalry, but we know this was due altogether to the chance thus offered them out of which to make a little fun for their own and the enjoyment of their comrades. So far as courage and endurance are concerned there is but little difference in the soldiers of the South, and so far as the men of Virginia are concerned there is none, and they are the same good, efficient and courageous soldiers whether in one or the other arm of the service. So, that so far, as the right these footmen had of making fun out of their mounted comrades, there was absolutely none ; but there are none familiar with the record of our men in the field who would for a moment fall into the ungenerous error that the jokes and innuendoes uttered out of a pardonable spirit of fun were attributable to any deficiency on the part of the one, or superiority on that of the other. This was not the case, and we add our own testimony to that of all impartial observers, that the cavalry of the South as a class were as fearlessly brave and efficient a body of men as ever drew blade or crossed sabre in charge ; and their duties, onerous though they were, found performers equal to the exigency. Nevertheless, it was a temptation not

to be resisted, for these heavy walkers to poke their fun at the light-riders, and though unjust as they were, some of their thrusts were comical, and mirth provoking to a degree that could not be endured with any patience were it not that they were begotten of no ill-humor, nor indulged in any bad or evil spirit. How supremely indignant we remember one of these, who mounted on a really superb horse, and much better dressed than the infantry could keep themselves, was asked, as he briskly passed the halted line, if he had ever seen a dead Yankee, and with what superb contempt he looked on his interrogator as he leaned with his arms crossed on the muzzle of his musket, calmly witnessing the effects of his question, if you hav'nt, just go with us an hour and we shall show you one. You need'nt be afraid mister, for there has'nt been a single one of our cavalry killed in the war, and the only one wounded we have heard of did it himself while carrying his *creetur*. All this, expressed in that inimitable look of quizzical credulity, was more than enough to start the line in the same business of teasing, which naturally begot the inseparable laugh and hurrah, as the cavalryman, too indignant to relp or too much demoralized to do so, passed on down the halted line out of the hearing of one only to come into that of a fresh tormentor. I have seen this fun indulged in as the line would be wheeling into the fight, when, it would be supposed other and more appropriate thoughts, born of the hour of danger and of death, would occupy the minds of those engaged. The human mind is a strange and mysterious conservatory of odds and ends of thought, and acting under no law of restraint, it produces some wonderful accomplishments as well as many strange anomalies—"we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

The brigade to which my regiment was connected, was composed of the 13th Virginia, made up from the counties of Culpeper, Hampshire, Louisa, Orange and Frederick; the 31st Virginia, from Upshur, Randolph, Gilmour, Barbour and Highland; the 49th Virginia, from Rappahannock,

Prince William, Fauquier, Nelson and Amherst; the 58th Virginia from Bedford, Franklin, Patrick, Rockbridge and Amherst; and the 52d from Augusta, Rockbridge and Bath. The brigade was severally commanded by Gens. Johnston, Elzey, Early, Smith, Pegram and Hoffman. The 31st by Col. Jno. Hoffman; the 13th by Cols. Hill, Walker and Terrill; the 49th by Cols. Smith and J. C. Gibson; the 58th by Cols. Bode and Kasey, and the 52d by Cols. Baldwin, Harman, Skinner, John Watkins and John D. Lilly. These were all brave and efficient officers, the wounds they received being the best proof of their courage. Col. Hoffman, who is now a Circuit Judge in West Virginia, lost a foot, Cols. Terrill and Watkins were killed, Col. Bode was mortally wounded at Winchester, Va.; whilst Col. J. C. Gibson, now a prominent lawyer in the town of Culpeper, bears on his person the marks and scars of wounds, some of them of the most serious character, to a number almost incredible to believe that one person could receive so many and so bad wounds, and still be as active and working a man as the Colonel is. I believe he was wounded not less than ten times, and the amount of service necessary to receive so many is something wonderful when we know some good soldiers escaped unhurt; at all events the Colonel got his full share, and in so doing, did as much hard fighting as cheerfully as any other who ever drew a sword in defense of a principle, or met a foe in defense of country. There seemed to be a strange fatuity connected with the lives of some of our men. Some, there were, who fought through the whole war and were in every battle where their regiment was engaged, and yet, fortunate in escaping all injury, whilst others, it seemed, were sure to be struck in every engagement, and even in any little skirmish they happened in. The laws of chance did not hold good as to the probabilities of being killed or wounded, so far as individuals were concerned; though, as to the gross amount in the aggregate, it may have. We know an instance—as good a soldier as was to be found in the ranks of the South—who was almost

sure to be struck by a ball, and generally in the earlier part of the battle in every fight he went in, and yet, strange to say, none of them were serious, although his body was pretty well peppered over by bullet marks; and he now lives to this day to tell over the stories of his score or more of wounds. His brother, in the same company, and equally as good a soldier, went safely through the same battles and with but a single exception, received but one wound during the entire war.

Some soldiers seemed to bear charmed lives, whilst others were bright, particular objects of special favoritism when the wounds came to be served out. We have all heard of the soldier who safely esconced, by the high works, behind which he was fighting, and who being asked why he kept waiving his left arm over the works where the balls were flying thick, when he could keep it down in perfect security; replied with singular quaintness, that he "was feeling for a furlough."

He wanted to go home so badly—and there was so little chance of his getting off—that he was actually trying his very best to get struck in the arm or hand, knowing the probability of such a wound not to be serious, and choosing rather to get such an one as would insure him a furlough, whilst healing, than by keeping his arm down, where it ought to have been, close up securely all chance of getting off to home. Furlough wounds, during the latter part of the war, when no furloughs were issued, were looked upon as real blessings by the happy possessors, who knew that they would secure them leaves of absence when nothing else would. So, that the wearied Confederate who pined to see once more, the dear, familiar faces away in the distant home, rash though he was, and mad too, for that matter, in seeking a wound by the intentional exposure of his arm, was yet not so much so, that there was wanting method in his madness. Ah! no, the old soldier was too keen an observer, and too apt in his adaptation of means to an end, to put himself to any unnecessary trouble or danger, unless

there was both a method and design, somehow or somewhere, concealed under what he did. There was but little faith to be placed in the unselfish design of the old soldier, when once he had made up his mind to reach some certain end as the objective point of his efforts, and his skillful method and adroit means by which he encompassed the result, was good proof of the thoroughness of his education in the school of plot, as well as of the peculiar ability of the old soldier to receive and digest the lessons taught in the school of design. The army is a capital school in which to learn thorough selfishness, and in such as the force of circumstances made our's for the last years of the war, none better could well be found in which the tact and knack of providing for one's own dear self, was put to a severe and more thorough test. This peculiar way of looking out for No. 1, especially in the line of the inner man, became so much a part and parcel of the soldier's character as to lead to the coming of a new word or term, whereby to define and distinguish it; and there are but few who remember anything about the war, but who will readily remember the quaint meaning of *flanking*, as applied to the peculiar manner by which anything in the eating line was made to change owners and hands in the neighborhood of an encampment.

Some of the adroit tricks played, the immorality of which was ingeniously hidden under this term of flanking, would do no little credit to experts and adepts, after a long course of learning. The Confederate was a fond and partial lover of the feathery tribe, which luxuriate most in the farm-yards—or, in plain English, chickens, geese and turkeys. He was, at the same time, a scientific and skillful flanker of the same, and dextrously adroit in their capture. To this spirit of scouting or flanking, was due many a good meal in scarce times, whereby the transfer of some good old hen, or fat pig, was made from their quarters on the farm, to the less elegant, but more needy table of the soldier.

A frequent excuse, when detected in these forays and predatory excursions, was the novel, but ingenuously offered

one, that the blasted pig bit him; the old gobbler made fight at him, and in self-defense he struck an awkward blow that ended in the death of the assailant, and being once dead, he thought he may as well eat it as to leave it for meaner and *fowler* uses, and that was *why* he was making away with it to camp! "Why, mister, you didn't think *I* would steal, did you?"

"This here old ram, he butted me, sir, and I don't low any one to do that; no sir, not even a ram, and that's why he's dead, you see, and I just thought 'twould be better for us over there in camp to have him, than to let the buzzards eat him up." All this was said and acted out in a tone and manner of such injured innocence, that the unsuspecting victim of the cunning trick, was taken in and imposed upon, once at least, though success could not well be depended on—so far as that victim was concerned—for a second trial. One instance in which the shrewd actor met with fine success, was that of one of these flankers—and each regiment had one of them at least—in one of the mountain districts of Virginia, in the Valley, not often visited by the soldiers, and whose worthy denizens were as unsophisticated and unsuspecting as to insure success to the ever-watchful, ever-ready poacher. The good people had freely shared with the soldiers, till on one farm, in one way and another, everything of the feathery kind had disappeared, save one solitary strutting old gobbler, who, could he have talked, might have said with truth: "I'm head cock on this farm-yard, and my right there is none to dispute." As Mark Twain might say: he was the last one of a once numerous family. How it happened he escaped, was something wonderful in it self, and it was not long before one of these enterprising flankers from the infantry, by far the best in the trade, spied him and from that moment it was merely a matter of time as to the last end of that turkey. Making the acquaintance of the kind old farmer and family, he paid several visits to them before he could settle upon his plan; but, whenever the old gobbler came near him in the peculiar way and style of

old gobblers, he manifested extreme dread, running away from him as if in terror, and in other ways showing an unusual and strange nervousness at sight of a turkey, that it attracted the attention as well as excited the mirth of the good people who saw his unsoldierlike conduct. Strange infatuation; it was for all the world just like an old soldier.

Providing himself with a good, stout cord, long enough for his purpose, and tying a fish-hook at one end, baited with a grain of corn, he set for the home of the farmer, no doubt mentally enjoying the prospect of one good dinner on turkey. Arriving, he manifested even greater terror at sight of his victim than before; the old man kindly officiating to allay his fears and to protect him, saying there was no danger, and heartily enjoying his companion's alarm.

Our flanker, a little allayed in fear, threw out a handful of corn as though for a peace offering to the gobbler, who, in turn, began an attack upon it, and when the one grain had slipped quietly down his throat—on which was the hook—the alarm of our Confederate seemed all at once to revive, and as though in mortal dread, he started off toward camp, taking good care to hold fast to the other end of the string. The gobbler had followed our flanker before, and hence the duped farmer did not take in the truth of the thing, but he had not run after him so fast, or quite as far as he did on that last run. Sufficient to say, Johnny had a good dinner shortly after, and it was on turkey, too.

The deceived farmer relating the loss of his turkey, said he had run after a soldier and had'nt come back; but said he guessed he had strayed off and been picked up.

This was flanking, just as now nice names are given for our high officials: little peculations—of course it aint stealing—certainly not of that kind nor degree, which just now is occupying the time and attention an entire Congress of our Representatives in finding out to the amazement and chagrin of our whole people and the wonder, if not disgust of the rest of the civilized world.

Stealing a dinner when dinners were hard to be had, and much needed by a poor fighting soldier, and taking the money of the people by the half million of dollars, are two and quite different things, and if there be guilt in the one, what must be the degree of baseness and turpitude in the other.

If, as a people, we have in our first one hundred years surpassed the world in the official dishonesty of our officials, what may we not expect to do in this line by the next centennial?

But we leave this subject as one too full of interest to be spoken of save in the most sober and rational manner.

CHAPTER VI.

The youth of Virginia, male and female, have always been known for their superior horsemanship, and their fondness for the chase and other out-door exercise. Most of the riding and travelling are done on horseback, the roads for the most part, being of so indifferent character as to diminish the use of buggies and other vehicles, and to render them unpleasant save on the good roads which are few.

Our county roads have long been literally a disgrace and practically the greatest drawback to immigration, and so far as now seen there are no good prospects for their becoming what of right they ought to be. But these same bad roads have made the Old Dominion a nursery for horseman, and with one or two other Southern States, the only American territory in the United States where the chase is still conducted as in Merry England, and where it has not degenerated into a sickly imitation. Our attention has lately been called to several statements in Northern papers to the effect that no where in the United States is the chase conducted on the ancient principles and rules of the game, at the same time speaking of a run that lately took place in New Jersey, where the fox had been caught and kept for a race, and was not seen after he was let loose by dogs or hunter.

This, no doubt, is the fact in New Jersey and the North generally, but so far as Virginia is concerned, we know such is not the truth here. In Piedmont and the greater part of Eastern Virginia, and in some of the Valley counties, the chase is regularly followed by many of its admirers who keep full kennels of the best dogs, and where the sport is as free from all the innovations that have so disgraced it elsewhere, as in England itself almost, and so we enter our stout denial to the statements of the Northern papers whose mistake in this instance is in keeping with the usual partial knowledge of the South and of its people and institutions.

Here the dogs follow the fox and the hunters the dogs from the jump, over hills, fence and ditch even to the death. Its rules and regulations are strictly and generally complied with as when first introduced by the men and officers of the British Crown; and to follow the dogs over a rough stretch of country for thirty miles or more is not an unusual occurrence.

Even in our own county of Rappahannock are now kept not less than a dozen score of fine fox hounds, which are industriously exercised throughout the fall and winter. Here may be heard on the hills the inspiring music of the pack in full cry, and the deep, open mouth of a dozen couples is a sound to which old Rappahannock is no stranger.

This is a sport which combines the best of exercise with the most exhilarating excitement, and to the novice, like they of our New Jersey hunters, it is no play, and yet to its lovers so enticing that other amusements are not to be compared with it.

Hunters, as a class pursue the chase till age and infirmities deprive them of its sport, and at a late meeting in this county at which three foxes were killed, there were among the hunters three who rejoiced in their three-score-and-ten to be able to ride all day after the dogs without dismounting at fence and to be at the death before many of their younger comrades. One of these was 82 years old, and equal to the task as the best. One of our best hunters is the largest man

in this and perhaps in any county in the State, standing full 6 feet 8 inches in his stockings, and the number of foxes that owe their deaths to his success would be something wonderful indeed to our good friends over in Jersey, who let the fox, bought for the occasion, get away from the dogs, and that too almost without a run on the part of his foxship. But that fox, I guess was about the only one on that ground that had a good time that day, the fun having been unavoidably confined, owing to the dogs, perhaps, to the fox to the entire exclusion of those who under similar circumstances in Rappahannock, generally manage to have a part of it themselves. Our Jersey friend must come to Rappahannock where we promise them half the fun of the chase, and a fine day's sport of it.

If our Jersey friends will give us a visit in Rappahannock we promise to treat them to a run of the dogs which will convince them, doubtless though they are, that the people of this county know something about the chase, even as conducted in Merry England, which together with a real Old Virginia welcome and hospitality may make their trip one of great pleasure if not of information. This is the State sport of Virginia, and has had no little to do in making her sons the sturdy and healthy yeomanry they are. This advantage told so favorably with them in the cavalry service of the war, a branch for which their modes of life fitted them. They were not only proficient in this arm of the service, but so general was their preference for it, that had all of them been permitted to choose, this right would have been exercised greatly to the injury and prejudice of that more important part, the infantry. This preference, however, could not be permitted, so that prohibitory measures were found necessary to regulate recruiting. As it was every opportunity was taken and chance availed of to change into the cavalry, and to do so, even at pecuniary sacrifice, was not only an acceptable but vastly preferable transfer, not to be neglected.

It sometimes happened, that by the usual disasters of war, a good soldier would lose his horse and unable to supply its

place, by an arbitrary law of the war, was liable to be compelled to go into the infantry. Horses for the last years of the war were scarce, and very high, especially in the border counties of the State, where owing to their almost continued occupation by one or the other of the two armies, their number had decreased to such an extent that a good charger was hard to find, and when found only to be had at such an enormous sum as to put him beyond the purse of the luckless cavalryman, whose eleven dollars per month would go but little way towards the buying of a thousand dollar horse. But to go into the infantry, after tasting of the sweets of gay cavalry, was too dire an alternative to be entertained for a moment; and, if any fix would put him to the exercise of his wit's ingenuity, this was the one to do it. This was considered a downright degradation, and a blow to pride to prevent which he would willingly undergo any danger and face any calamity. This put him on the rack which was at once a test of his patriotism and a trial of his wit. One of these dismounted, and consequently miserable cavalymen, finding himself in so sad a predicament, with all its attendant horrors and fall to his line of promotion, determined if possible, to find the way out of his troubles by finding a horse—or somebody's else—somewhere or somehow, no matter so he got the nag. Like the man in Shakespeare—

“A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,”

and he was determined to have him.

Obtaining the necessary permission to pass outside of the picket lines, he started towards the outposts of the enemy, whose lines were but a short distance off. His undertaking seemed nothing more or less than a rash one, and if understood by his officer would hardly have been permitted.

But our seeker after horse-flesh knew what he was doing, and right well did he put his plans into a way of getting himself once more mounted. Providing himself with a stout piece of telegraph wire from the neighboring railroad, when he gained the desired place, he stretched the wire across the

road securing its ends to convenient trees at the proper distance from the ground to strike a man on horseback between the chin and saddle. This was done in the woods at a point where the densest shade offered the additional aid of the darkest ground. Waiting till twilight had begun to surround objects with its friendly gloom, our daring adventurer left his man-trap behind and approached the post of the enemy a few hundred yards off very leisurely in order to attract their attention, though not in a manner to excite their suspicions. He wanted them to give him a little chase, and sure enough to his delight he saw two of them mounting and down the road they came expecting to take one Johnny Reb in out of the cold. The affair was exciting, but soon came to an end, for the man who was after a horse passed under and by the wire in a few minutes, and there awaited the success of his scheme, for if he failed he knew his capture was certain. On dashed the unsuspecting and exciting cavalryman, flashed with the hope of capture, when the first one struck the invisible wire, and off he was swept as keenly as though his horse had jumped from under him, which in fact it did.

The other seeing the fate of his companion but unable to stop his horse, met the same fate, the two horses meantime deprived of their riders kept on their swift course to where our now rejoicing Confederate awaited them. The Yankees, left to themselves, returned to their post; the other party quickly mounting the one and leading the other horse, made his joyful way into camp, the happy possessor of two very fair steeds, having displayed his genius and saved his bacon at one and the same time.

To get horses these men would run great risks and expose themselves to death and capture within the lines of the enemy, rather than go into the ranks of the infantry. The few who were compelled to do so, lost half their courage by the exchange and became indifferent soldiers, so that really no material benefit came to the cause by this arbitrary indifference to the rights of the men in the field, and to

say the least, the government should have furnished the horses, and not make the men purchase them as they did. The Confederate government owned none of the cavalry horses, save the captured ones.

Another, but infinitely more injurious order of the Confederate Congress was that promulgated by arbitrary act at the most critical period of the war, when it was doubly necessary not to break faith with the soldiers; annulling a former one by which substitutes were allowed to take the places of those employing them. This and other imprudent legislation on the part of this Congress would have been withheld had wisdom taken the place of misguided inexperience and foolish autocracy; and even a due and prudent desire for the success of the cause would have suggested the baneful effects of much of the then rash legislation.

But this annulling act of the substitute law whereby many contracts were made and many exempt men were in the field in place of their employees, was the crowning deed of rashness, and did more direct injury, by way of spreading disaffection, than could afterwards be arrested. All contracts were annulled by it, and the substitutes were kept in their places and their principals also ordered into service. There were some who were exempt, and yet from motives of patriotism and a desire to aid, willingly placed others in their places in the army, who were also exempt, and to do so paid their substitutes large sums of money. All these contracts were swept away and rendered null and void by this pernicious act, thus breaking faith with those whom it should have been the aim to conciliate. This was a most foolish and imprudent exhibition of bad legislation, and like all such measures, resulted in infinite harm to a cause already affected by the fast and increasing depreciation of our paper money. It went a little beyond what even the people thought was necessary from motives of military necessity, and the violation of contracts made by and under the provisions of the same power that annulled them, begot a spirit which for all good purposes were best to conciliate rather than offend, and

caused symptoms of disquiet and unrest that forbode any good results from this species of unwise and unnecessary legislation. Nor did it add to the numbers of our armies, but it did do for our cause what the ingenuity and numbers of our enemy had been unable previously to do. One of these Congresses was without doubt the most thoroughly inefficient and incompetent legislative bodies the world has ever known; they were men unequal to the demands of the times, and their best apology, perhaps, was that they consisted largely of that class of anti-war agitators and enthusiasts of precipitate measures that afterwards were to become such mildly disposed persons as to be found in the bomb-proof walls of legislatures and congresses and so remarkably scarce in the ranks and files of our armies. What they would have done as soldiers will never be known, but as law makers in war times they were failures.

But those were extraordinary times and required good and sound men. They were failures in their places, but no doubt because of some other reason than any indifference on their part in the cause.

CHAPTER VII.

As before remarked, our first acquaintance with Stonewall Jackson was a few days previous to the battle of McDowell. Gen. Jackson, whose character was alike respected by friend and foe for the purity that adorned and the integrity that embellished both his private and military life, was emphatically one of the great men brought out by the war; and although both armies had a number of skilled and talented generals, yet in some respects he was the great genius of the war. He was one of the few who on either side was equally accounted a great and good man; and whilst his enemies in the field had a wholesome dread of confronting him, his presence was a tower of strength and his voice a host in itself among his friends. He was the true citizen soldier, joining to a life of Godly love an unfaltering devotion to the

cause of his espousal. Duty with him was the great lever of action, and whether in the lecture room or as the General on the field, there was no deviation from a perfect exemplification of the principles of his belief.

The two battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, which followed the defeat of Banks, were successes of great moment to the South. Here Stonewall Jackson gave additional proof of his transcendent genius. The great event connected with these battles was the manner in which he kept apart the two armies of Shields and Fremont, which were following him, and by burning the bridge across the Shenandoah, that separated them, prevented them from joining their forces. Having laid his clever plan he had the two confronting armies at his disposal, and whipping the one on one day, in sight and almost in the very presence of the other, who was powerless to give aid, on the next day he paid his respects to the other. In this way he had his own way, to the great mortification of the two Union armies, who found themselves whipped by detail, a feat Jackson might not have been able to do so cleverly had the two been permitted to unite. This was a brilliant success, but only one of the same kind that followed the career of Jackson.

There never was a more complete confidence than that which existed between him and his men. His old brigade, which like its first general, took the name Stonewall, and was called such even in official reports and papers, loved him most devotedly, and were as proud of him and their own honored title as were ever the Old Guard of Napoleon.

And well they might be proud, for in an army where bravery and heroism was so universally recognized, it was an honor, and one to be more than proud of, that of being so signally and specially honored in a name equally shared by themselves and their great leader.

The operations of my regiment were soon after this brought to a close in the Valley by the call for reinforcements at Richmond, where McClellan, at the head of an immense and well-appointed army, was trying to reach the Capital

of the Southern Confederacy, by approach from water and land, all the grandeur and appliances which ingenuity could suggest and wealth command being united in this gigantic attempt to reach Richmond, then the seat of the Government, since its removal from Montgomery. Richmond was the great object till it fell, and "On to Richmond," the never varying policy. McClellan, perhaps the best of the Union generals, and by far the best man holding the position, undertook this movement in all the pomp and glory of war. There seemed to be nothing wanting to secure his success, which, if then gained, would soon have put an end to the war. His numbers were double our own, and equipped in a style unknown at any time to the Southern armies. Nothing was left undone, no denial made to give to this move all possible advantage, and it began its march with the unbounded confidence and enthusiasm of his large army.

After fighting for several days, Jackson, whom we left on the road to Richmond, was again to evince the power and genius of his mind, and appeared on the scene just when he was least looked for and at a point the last of all, and by one of his ever ready and masterly manœuvres struck the enemy a blow that over-powering numbers could not resist, and the finely appointed army of the Potomac utterly baffled and defeated, quit the attack hurriedly and turned into a disorderly rout before they were again safely landed on the barges and boats that awaited them in the river—and Richmond was once more safe. It was during this bloody and severe series of fights, continued through seven long days under a hot sun and in a miasmatic climate, that the humble subject of this pamphlet received the wound that made him a cripple for life. My part in the glorious record of Stonewall's men ended here for a while, and in company with that large number of my comrades similarly disabled, betook myself to other quarters there to await the result of my wounds. Malvern Hill will always be a place of painful interest to myself, for there it was the cruel lead forced its way through the bones and flesh of my ankle—one of

the worst places in which to be wounded, so far as healing is concerned, and from this day, in June 1862, there were but few hours when I did not suffer with my foot till its amputation. From the bad accommodations given our wounded by the authorities, it was some time before it could be known whether amputation, in my case, would be resorted to, but after I found myself tolerably well fixed, the surgeons pronounced their opinion it would not then be necessary, and no doubt I would be able to save my leg from any future resort to the knife, and such really seemed probable from the fact of its speedy healing, after the first severe prostration usual in all severe gun-shot wounds, so that in a few months, thinking myself able to join the army, I again reported for duty, and once more I was again in the field, though by no means fit for the hard marching to which we must be subjected. I found the army on the eve of its first march into Maryland. Busy preparations were making for that stupendous undertaking, and the usual stir and bustle, which the old soldier readily detects, clearly indicated some unusual movement. These premonitory symptoms of which he judges, with unerring instinct, to mean a march or something else unusual from the routine of the camp, are only known by the old soldier, and those who lack his education and camp experience could not, with the same degree of certainty, make himself master of those same prognostic preparations. It was no vain boast of the old negro cook of Jackson's, who said he always knew when a battle was to be fought; for said he, then Master Tom always prayed the longest and oftenest; and from this he judged correctly, for though the General was at all times, and under all circumstances strictly punctual and regular in his religious as well as other duties, yet, he recognized his utter helplessness without the aid and help of an overruling Providence, and Him he invoked for the aid he needed, specially under all great and important circumstances. On the 9th of June, the great cavalry duel of the war took place at Brandy Station, in Culpeper county, in

which the great superiority of the Southern over the Northern cavalry received the very best proof—that of inferior prevailing over vastly superior forces—and in the meanwhile General Lee, with his army was safely on his way to the Potomac river, having quietly escaped the vigilance of his foe, who did not know of the move till all danger of discovery was no longer to be feared.

The policy of this move has been generally questioned, and there is no doubt that the same striking success that marked the progress of events in our own territory, did not follow in the advances of our army into that of the enemy's country; nor did the same equal success perch on our banner in the two great battles of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, as that which crowned our victories in Virginia and elsewhere in the South. But in their advances we labored under severer trials, with less of conveniences than at home. These moves were not made, save under disadvantageous surroundings. The forced marches—distance from our centre of operations and other trials—not forgetting that at no period were we equally as well equipped in any respect, save as to the natural qualities of courage and endurance; and under forced marches into the enemy's country, this difference was still more perceptibly felt and experienced.

That nothing was gained by these moves is admitted—the same resulting in serious disorganization of our forces—though fully able to resist any attack that might have been made, but which the enemy was careful not to hazard. The withdrawal of the army under all the hazards of the same conspicuously showed the great and superior military talent of that noble man and patriot, General Robert E. Lee. Military operations were not again actively resumed for sometime, the army soon regaining its former efficiency in its camp near Orange Courthouse. The capture of Harper's Ferry with 9,000 prisoners and the other heavy losses of the enemy reduced their army to a footing equally as bad, if not greatly worse than that of our own, and hence they offered no efforts to arrest or inconvenience our return.

After a good rest in our camps at Orange Courthouse, the attempt was made to surround General Meade, whose army was confronting us in the county of Culpeper. This was in October following, and though not regarded as good a commander by our troops as McClellan, yet Meade was vastly the superior of Pope or Hooker, and the attempt to get around his army and cut it off from Washington, was not a success, owing in great measure to the skill of Meade. The numbers he commanded were so great that he could without any danger stretch it across the narrow scope of country in such a manner as to be able to concentrate with rapidity and safety, so as to prevent the turning of his flank or compelling him to change his front. Thoroughfare Gap, a narrow passage through which the army of Lee must pass, in part prevented the success of a concealed advance, and withdrawing his forces through this before our forces could get on the flank, the result fell short of the design contemplated, and with a few skirmishes our army was withdrawn to their old camps at the fords on the Rapidan and Rappahannock, and around Orange Courthouse. In this vicinity stands the residence of President Madison, one of the earlier chief magistrates of this country. This one of the remaining princely mansions of the good and happy days of the old State, stands in a grove of old and shaggy oaks in a beautifully adorned grove, an object reminding us that those good days have not yet returned. Here its illustrious owner lived a life of quiet retirement and here he is buried. His idea of office never extended, even in thought, to a third term; but here in his home, surrounded by a refined and hospitable neighborhood, unspotted in office and untarnished in his name and fame, he lived the beautiful and happy life of a Virginia gentleman; a title at that time of no empty honor.

One of that noble band of statesmen and patriots who practised the purity of their social lives in their rectitude and honesty in office, he left a name approached by but few of the public men of this day of rings and lobbies.

What a difference between those times and officials and those of the present day. To be President then, was at once the proof of past services to the country, exalted patriotism and an earnest of future integrity and honesty in office. There were but few then who in their greed of office would barter honor and dignity to be afterwards speculators in office; none of that depraved partizanship in either of the two parties, though the rivalry between them was equally as great as now; but further than this, measures were taken not only for the advancement of party but also with a view to the good of the country. There were no whiskey rings then with the private secretary of the President as its chief man—nor no President seeking for a third term—nor did the election to this office of chief magistrate imply that all his relations, down to the kindred of the third and fourth degree, were to hold office under him; and when, in one single instance, this was attempted to an extent which now would be regarded as small indeed compared to the numerous relatives of our President now in office, the indignation of both parties was so uncompromisingly outspoken, and threatening, and the innovation so generally denounced by the press, that nominations already made were at once recalled and positions revoked, and no further attempt made by this or other President to fill the offices in his gift or disposal with them of his own kith and kin, save in such numbers as were proper upon a fair basis of proportion—not till these latter days of the tearing up of the old landmarks and disregard of old principles. That such was the fact, all know, and it will be a matter of no little interest to our readers to know that the term now used to designate this giving of place and office to relations was then a word unused, and the curious will be amused to know that with one or two exceptions, and they, in a connection not germane to the subject, the word nepotism does not appear in the histories of the United States. We have not seen it in any published previous to the war, and don't believe it was used in them.

The practice itself was then unknown, and it was reserved to this age of progress and of new devices for its introduction, and it will require but little guessing to name the one great fosterer and projector of this most pernicious manner for the distribution of our offices. Certain qualifications were then necessary, and the accident of birth, whilst it inflicted no restraint, gave no preferment. How would our officials appear as judged by that high standard, fixed upon by that strictly true and honest son of the Old Dominion whilst President, when candidates for office, to secure his aid, were made to give affirmative answers to the questions?

“Is he capable; is he temperate; is he honest?”

To such then as proved to be capable, temperate and honest, were the doors of office opened, and against others, and specially relatives, they were kept closed; and if by chance admittance was gained by the unworthy, unless their conduct in office squared with the rules of admittance, their expulsion was sure to follow, even against the protestations of those high in power and position. And to be expelled then was a disgrace that followed the unlucky ex-official; what it is now to remain in office whilst doing all kinds and manner of corruption, is what the times and the people have chosen to make it. The word nepotism is of no recent coinage, and yet, it is a new one in the history of our country.

Derived from the Latin, the language of the great Roman empire, it may also be regarded as a crime that owes its origin and name to the corrupt days that marked the decline and fall of the Mistress of the World. It was a crime then and so judged and punished by the ancient Romans until corruption had infested its whole body, social and politic, and when it ceased to be punished, Rome was lost. The lesson should be of advantage to us. History informs us Rome's downfall was as sudden and complete as its rise was quick and glorious—and it owed its downfall to nepotism, corruption in office and the effeminacy and indo-

lence of its people. One of our late worthy Presidents, whose death was but announced in the House of Representatives a few days ago, was an illustrious example of whom we have but too few. Among the other characteristics developed in his remarkable career, was his love of country, his official honesty, his love of truth, and his incorruptibility in office. His was the rule, and upon which he obstinately acted, that personal integrity and political dishonesty were irreconcilable traits in the same person.

If corruption occurred in his term, no enemy however vindictive, would dare to connect him with it. He understood the principles and spirit of republican institutions. His views of and practice in office were the beauty and strength of his official integrity, and no places were given by him, from personal feelings, interest or relationship. It is said of him and with truth, judging from his limited education, that he was even ignorant of the meaning of the word nepotism as used—and knew not of the lurking sarcasm contained therein. This ignorance was the result of the best kind of education, and ignorant of the word he was innocent of the crime.

No deceitful Greeks approached him, *dona ferentes*, in one hand, and an application for office in the other; or if they did, their disappointment was the evidence that their treachery was discovered. There have been wiser and more learned men than Andrew Johnson, but as a true, honest, and patriotic lover of his country, the proudest in this glorious land of freedom may well be proud to claim to be his peer.

CHAPTER IX.

The battles of Fredericksburg, which occurred in December, and their results are familiar to my readers, and I will not trouble them by the recital of their details.

The army went into winter quarters in Skinker's Neck and along the Rappahannock river, and there remained quietly passing away the months in which all operations of

an active character must be suspended till the opening weather of the next spring. Here, I purpose giving some remarks as to the manner of spending the time in winter quarters, and some traits of the Southern soldier.

The Southern soldiers differed in some respects from those of the North. This was due, no doubt, in some measure to the large foreign element enlisted in that of the North, which was wanting in the Southern armies, almost every European nation being represented in the former, and but few of any foreign country being in that of the latter, save residents by naturalization. This large class made a much greater difference in the characters of the two armies than would have been the case had both been composed entirely of native born Americans. This foreign material demanded quite different discipline and government from that of the American soldiers.

Taken from the lower ranks in their own countries, habituated by birth and education, or the want of it, to rigorous obedience to customs and laws unknown to the people of the United States, the severest military regime was necessary to keep them under efficient restraint; in other words, mercenary troops are wanting in that inherent love of country and pride of patriotism, and have but little of that *esprit de corps*, which characterizes the soldiers of the United States. The Southern soldiers were not subjected to strict or regular discipline; in fact the want of it was a disadvantage and seriously felt, though whether it could have been prudently enforced is a question which presented no little difficulty, and if ever seriously contemplated on the part of our officials was never put into execution, and no doubt for very good and paramount reasons. Hence it was untried so far as any really coercive discipline was concerned. As a general rule, so long as our men fought well and were orderly, little else in the way of discipline was required of them; so that whilst in camp our enemy was most industriously exercising in all the details of tactics and the most elaborate drill, our men were indifferently

engaged in any amusement or pastime suggested by inclination or adopted from choice. Such an invasion upon their liberties as "taps" at 9 at night or any other hour, was not even thought of after the first few months of the war, in many commands, and had it been kept up, ever so strictly, would have been the reduction of a very good rule to an absurd anomaly; and this for the very good and competent reason that there were no lights to be put out, that luxury of the early days of the war having gone to keep company with all the other nicethings to which they had long been strangers. Tallow candles indeed! why, tallow was not often to be had for other and more life preserving purposes, and to devote it to such light objects as candles was preposterous.

Indeed, strange as it may now sound to us, I have, on more than one occasion during the war, seen tallow candles that happened to fall into the hands of some gravy-loving individual, and made no one knew where, or of what else composed besides dirt and tallow none could tell - these I have actually seen myself melted up in some dirt-begrimmed skillet and mixed with a little musty flour and ditch water manufactured into—yes, into gravy, and afterwards devoured with a relish that would seem somewhat too heavy for such a light subject as a tallow dip! What would have been the use for taps when all the light rations were manufactured into *heavy* gravy?

The truth was, not only this but other features of camp police, were seldom enforced, and then only under some peculiar circumstances or surroundings. Roll-calls were occasionally made on the march, but in some parts of the army they were altogether neglected; generally only at irregular and infrequent periods. These minor affairs were held not absolutely necessary in an army where general and willing obedience to all important rules and regulations was given, and where bravery was the rule and cowardice an unusual and exceptional occurrence. Still there were some stern and severe masters of discipline, mostly West Point men, who endeavored in their own respective commands to enforce

United States regulations, but with poor success generally, and instead of this increasing by communication to other companies and regiments, it usually grew less and less in their own.

There were also some summary and exemplary executions for desertion and other grave offences. On one occasion when encamped near Orange Court house, thirteen of these deserters were shot at one time—in view of Montpelier, the home of President Madison—a sight which we cannot now recall, at this lapse of time, without a nervous shudder. They belonged to Ewell's corps and were from North Carolina, one or two from Virginia and the rest from other States. The offence of some of them, as we remember, was for an attack upon some conscript gatherers in which the lieutenant in command was killed. The entire corps was drawn up forming an open square, the three sides of which were occupied by the soldiers, and on the fourth the prisoners doomed to death, were arranged in a row securely tied by ropes to stakes driven in the ground at regular intervals of a few feet—the victims kneeling just in front of the stakes—all in view of the large body of their comrades assembled as witnesses of the awful spectacle. By rules of war these military executions are made in public, a custom the propriety of which we greatly doubt, but due no doubt, to the same false ideas which authorize civil executions to be witnessed by those whose extreme indelicacy leads them to become the gazing spectators of the dying agony and spasms of a poor fellow mortal. As a terror to evil disposed persons, and as a warning example to others, these public executions must be regarded very much as failures; and as there can be no other object in their publicity, as a very humble one of the body politic, we here enter our distinct and unequivocal dissent against them. We are not in favor of furnishing material out of the dying agony of a fellow human upon which to feed and gratify the depraved and morbid appetite of gaping crowds.

This was the only one we witnessed, and we were only present then from compulsion, and never, never again will we be the willing or unwilling witness of another, in war or in peace. But few of these extreme cases happened in our armies. There were but comparatively few volunteer companies in the South at the beginning of the late war, hence our armies were raised, equipped, and put into the field without reference to the experience or training of the men. The companies that did exist were provided with the most indifferent arms. The standing army was a small one, and what there were, of course, belonged on the other side of the question. Public feeling in this country was ever opposed to the quartering of soldiers upon our revenue in times of peace as a useless encumbrance upon the interests of the people.

Wars do not spring up like the winds between the going down and rising of the sun; there coming are preceded by a series of unmistakable premonitory symptoms, and no prudent people in these days of rapid transit, progress, and convenience can be taken by surprise in the declaration of a war, if such nation chooses to take advantage of those admonitions.

Another popular idea was exploded by the experience of this war—that a long course of discipline in time of peace is necessary to properly fit the American soldier for service in the field. That may be true where soldiers fight for pay as they would do any other work for wages, but patriotism will convert the American into a soldier in twenty four hours notice.

True, practice in this as in all other relations of life, makes up the general standard of excellence, but pluck, after all, with due respect of officers and of duty, is the mainspring which works the machinery of success, and without it no troops can become efficient. There is more truth than poetry in the reason given by one who couldn't stand to the front, when he said: he was brave himself but he had no control over his cowardly legs; that they would run do what he would to make them stand.

Experience taught that a few weeks drill of American soldiers was sufficient, and Virginians did well enough without any, and to know the mere manual was about all that could be learned till he is placed under fire, and that recruits from the body of the people of the United States, hastily enrolled and extemporaneously drilled, are as likely to prove as efficient on the field as soldiers from garrison or barracks, who may have been drilled for years. Still there is a certain strength in veteran troops that may not always be found in those of less experience, but take the two from the same State and same people, and both imbued with the same love of country and alike in all respects save in the matter of their being old and new soldiers, it will be found their fighting qualities are not so different as the amount of experience would justify us in believing. We have seen troops in the first fight stand fire with a coolness that veterans could not excel, and on the other hand have witnessed the hasty and precipitate flight of old soldiers under circumstances that ought not to have even inspired recruits with any serious alarm. Take, for example, the battalion of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., who under the tremendous pressure that was being brought to bear on all sides of Richmond in the summer of 1864, asked Governor Letcher to accept their services in the field and permit them to join some part of the army, but preferring to connect themselves with General Breckenridge, then in command of the small force that was opposing the advance of the enemy up the Valley of Virginia. Although troops were sadly needed, yet it was with great reluctance that these youths were permitted to take the field—some 250 in numbers—they were youths of tender years, but few of them eighteen years old, and the majority not over sixteen. They were pursuing their college studies, had never been engaged and probably none of them had even witnessed a fight. But they were of the true blood—the pure Virginia stock, and young or old, it will always tell. They knew if they went into the field they were sure to be in a fight, and that in a

few days, and that what they were about undertaking would be fit work for old soldiers. But they went, and in less than one week that body of youthful, beardless cadets—not yet attained to the stature of men—found themselves in the very hottest part of one of the bloodiest battles fought in the Valley of Virginia, from the Potomac to Staunton.

And did they stand fire, you ask! Go to the rolls, yet preserved, upon which were marked that dreadful night at New Market, the names of those youthful heroes whose spirits had gone to join the great band of our fallen braves, and whose lifeless bodies lay stiffened in death on the ground they that day had so nobly helped to save. Would I could name each one of that youthful band of patriots, for if ever the spirits of the fathers of Virginia descended to inspire and enthuse the youth of the good old State, they were present on that bloody field of New Market the day the Lexington Cadets snatched a victory from out the very jaws of death, and like veterans stood and patriots died.

The enemy were surprised to know that they who fought them so stubbornly and would not give back before the scores of their own numbers they vainly tried to beat back, were boys of sixteen years of age who had come from out their class-rooms at Lexington to play the soldier, and be it said to the praise and honor of those brave men who learned this fact, like true men they regretted they did not know they were fighting such boys, for said they: "had we known it, we could never have aimed another shot at them—poor boys, we are sorry for them, but how they did fight!"—a tribute to their bravery and spirit, which came from the hearts of true men and generous foes, toned with the true ring of pure metal.

It is, therefore, a good principle upon which we have acted, that it is safe to dispense with a standing army, and trust, in the hour of emergency, and of danger ahead, to troops extemporized from the great body of the American people.

When we consider all the ills of which the country in this way frees itself, it is a matter of no little gratulation that we may safely depend on the efficiency of our citizens for soldiers when the time for raising our army arrives. The history of all nations confirms the fact that large bodies of soldiers assembled together without the influence and presence of women, and deprived of the happy restraints of the family relations, to give them self-respect and independence of dignity, will sink into a more or less degraded state, form vicious and immoral habits, and soon become a diseased and infected community, demoralized and demoralizing public morals.

As a rule, Southern soldiers were impatient of that restraint found necessary in all large armies; but from their characters as private gentlemen, a willing obedience to orders and observance of the demands made upon them could always be expected; and the only point of divergence which marked their impatience of restraint was restricted mainly to the monotonous details and insipid repetition of drills and the police of camp. These they did not like, in fact avoided them when possible to do so, the general opinion regulating this dislike being, that they were merely adjuncts of appearance and not indispensable requisites either to the well being or efficiency of our armies. We have seen regiments dragged through the dry, fretting evolutions of the drill under a hot, broiling sun without spirit or interest in what they were engaged, but who, upon the first alarm, shook off their listless apathy and marched forward to the fight with all the regularity of preciseness of ranks closed up and files aligned, the true spirit of the brave veterans stamped upon their every movement. Not that they were not actually well drilled, did they show this dislike to frequent exercise and rehearsal whilst in camp, but they thought, and not without reason, that their exercise was severe enough without it, and the drill once understood, no amount of practice could add to their efficiency, nor the neglect of it impair the confidence they felt in their own prowess and ability.

This thing of continually drilling is a wearying effort on both officers and men, and the dislike to it natural and rational. Again, no great care was taken to make our camps especially attractive by their neatness, and often whilst our friends, beyond the picket line, were most industriously sweeping and scraping and adorning their own, our men were content with the comfortable condition of theirs without any attempt at beauty. True, we lacked the large and comfortable tents they had in abundance, and the difference between long rows of uniform tents, tastefully arranged, and the blankets or strips of cotton suspended on poles and the other heterogeneous shelters arranged in all possible shapes and devices, which were the best the Confederates could do, was very great and striking, and whilst the one could easily make himself comfortable with plenty of good clothing and rations, the other was forced to limit his wants to a very narrow supply of either. Under the same, or as favorable circumstances as our Northern soldiers, we would have presented as nicely arranged camps, but the great plenty of the one in all the appliances which wealth could suggest, or ingenuity devise, and the comparative deficiency of the other in these adjuncts of military convenience, was a difference which, contemplated at this lapse of time, seems to have been almost enough to have insured the complete triumph of the armies of the United States in a period of time, measured by a few weeks and months, instead of having dragged its slow length through four long years of continued but fruitless efforts. In all artificial respects, they had all the advantage, and no other comparison avails to tell this difference better than to term the one the wealthy, the fully equipped, and the other the poor and indifferently provided for; the contrast running and holding good from the burning of the armory building at Harper's Ferry in April, 1861, and ending only when the last remnant of General Lee's army laid down their arms on the fatal fields of Appomattox.

Our main duty in the winter was the picketing of our line of front along the Rapidan, and for this purpose regiments were moved down at a time—remaining a week till relieved by another, the pickets keeping up a friendly understanding with each other, resulting in the occasional interchange of articles and papers. By a mutual agreement, the result of a tacit, but understood cartel, the foolish practice of firing at each other from the picket lines was of rare occurrence, and only indulged in by some imprudent and unthinking novices. This was a great relief to the men of both armies, for though not affecting the general usefulness and watchfulness of the pickets, it dispensed with much of the danger attending this important duty and thereby rendered it vastly more agreeable and less irksome. The amusements in camp were of a various and heterogeneous character. Some of them invented out of the necessities of the times, of a singularly unique yet novel character, just such as might be supposed to owe their origin to the few conveniences of a Confederate camp. But necessity is no less the mother of invention in times of war than in those of peace—rather the more, judging from the attempts, crude though they were, made in the hitherto unknown and untried departments of invention—a deficiency, like that of the manufacturing industries, we supplied from the fertile nurseries of ingenuity of our Connecticut friends of wooden clock and wooden nutmeg notoriety. Some of those Confederate tricks and appliances in the way of invention, which owed their production to those hard and trying times of complete blockade, viewed through the plenty and convenience of the present, seem funny enough; but funny though they were, they served the important purpose of developing a trait hitherto totally neglected by the people of the South, and which we are glad to know has not been permitted to lie idle since, but has given to the world some remarkably important and ingenious inventions; inventions which, but for the pressing necessities which gave a start to our inventive talents, most probably would not have been made.

CHAPTER X.

My readers will not be surprised to know that cards were one of the most popular means of amusement, and that all the various games played by these mysterious and variable emblems of chance, were resorted to as sources of amusement and the passing away of the hours, which at times, hung heavily upon the men in camp. It has been remarked, and with truth, that but few of those who did not smoke or play at cards before the war, but who learned both during it, and though I am no apologist of the one nor defender of the other, yet during those times of almost unrelievable dullness and *ennui*, away from home and all the accustomed means of profitable as well as imprudent uses of time, there are many little irregularities, we are sorry to say, practiced now when there is no war, and that too by those who are not, neither can become soldiers, which in our humble judgment are more to be deprecated as evils *per se*, than the smoking of good Virginia leaf or the simple playing at a game of cards for amusement in the tents and huts of their winter quarters, by men who think no harm, nor do any thereby, and only engage therein as a means of relief and relaxation of mind.

The truth is there is sometimes more harm and evil in the way and manner, in the words used and how spoken, by those who undertake to decry and denounce a supposed evil or bad habit, than there is wrong in the evil or harm in the habit; more sin committed in the denouncement of our fellows, in the criticising of their actions and decial of in others what we take to be something demanding a good deal of talk and the repetition of a good deal of bad gossip, than there is sin in the thing itself.

Gambling is wrong and altogether so, but the mere playing of a game of cards by the soldiers, to us, is not quite as bad as the tearing to pieces of the characters of our fellows—an indulgence of a much worse character fre-

quently, than those who are made the unwitting victims of the asperse criticism and ungenerous gossipings. To see the men seated about in their rudely built house and mud chinked huts, industriously engaged in a game of seven-up, euchre or poker, each with the inseparable and inevitable Powhatan pipe in his mouth, suggested a scene of domestic quiet at home, if only all présent had not been of the sterner sex. Restricted as they were in their means of amusement and in the absence of any general supply of books and papers, those at their command were industriously availed of by the men unused before, at home, to the denial of any similar indulgences and privileges. We remember a snow ball battle that took place during this winter, which for its novelty, on so large a scale as well as for the days sport it gave, both to those engaged and almost the rest of the army as spectators, was an event of quite an interesting turn, although there was considerable exercise and fatigue and some danger connected with it. There could not have been less than 5,000 men on each side, probably more engaged in it, and they were regularly divided in companies and regiments and dily officered, the field and staff officers or some of them being as much interested in it as the men. The snow was plentiful and in fine condition for the making of the balls, and the weather moderately cool.

The sight was really a grand and diverting one, all the different details of a real fight being adhered to with as much strictness as possible. The balls flew fast and thick, and as they passed and repassed each other in their course the effect was one of singular beauty and interest. All received more or less of wounds, that is were struck, for in such a shower of missiles it was impossible for any to escape. The charge and counter-charge, the retreat and halt, were all gone through with, and not merely for effect, but because such were necessary during the progress of the battle. Nor was it a matter of effect to be the object that stopped the flight of these snowy missiles, for thrown by men used to

laborious and continued exercise, they flew through the air as if propelled by some stronger power than the mere arm of man. The consequence was that some accidents occurred of quite a serious character, the loss of an eye or the breaking of an arm happening in several cases.

When the battle had ended, by the victorious party driving the conquered from off the field and even entirely away from their camps, then the regular yell of the Confederate soldiers broke forth in all its strange and powerful characteristics—not the studied hurrah of the Northern soldiers, given by note and in time, with the deliberate exactness of “*one, two and three, and a tiger,*” but the spontaneous yell or shout of the Southern, every man striking out on his own hook at the top of his voice and as long as his wind would hold out. The contrast in the moment of victory between the shout of the Confederate and the huzza of the Northern soldier soon came to be remarked, and no mistake could occur to those within hearing as to who was the prevailing party so long as the shout and huzza was to be heard. They were altogether dissimilar and unlike; the one running along the line, each man in turn taking up the strain and adding his own power of voice to the volume as it reached him, perfectly regardless of how, or how long he halloed, till the volume of sound from so many voices rose higher and higher, and gradually decreasing as the men quit, from choice or from fatigue, till only a few voices, one here and there, like the reports from the skirmish line were to be heard; or all breaking fourth again go through the same peculiar shout of triumph. The huzza of the other army was given with equal observance of time and of manner, the strains being those of the one, two, three and a tiger, frequently repeated. My old comrades in arms will remember the exhilarating effect of the Confederate shout of victory, and no doubt, those on the other side were equally as much enthused by their own. Here is another of the many traits of difference between the two which meet us at almost every point; this last one no doubt, is to

be accounted, for from the fact of there being so many more large cities north of Maso and Dixon than south of it, and in which so many more clubs, societies and other civic organizations exist, in whose meetings and public festivals or occasions they are accustomed to express feelings of admiration and respect by systematic expression. On the other hand differences in habits, customs and tastes are attributable to natural causes or education, and are alike observable in the quiet of civil life as well as in the bustle and confusion of war. Education will reproduce these even though hereditary intuition fails to develop them, and by the aid of both they are sure to live in and be communicated from one to the succeeding generation.

The prejudices of people are innate as well as inherit, and like the perversity of taste refuse to conform to rule or recognize law. These sham battles were greatly enjoyed and gave food for action as well as for thought afterwards, and served to drive off some of camp dullness—for of all places, save a Northern prison, for Rebels, the winter quarters of a large army is the most spiritless, insipid and wearisome. The very closeness of other camps and troops offers but little relief, for among them you may possibly not have a friend or acquaintance. Strange as may seem, no position in life is more productive of the growth of extreme selfishness than that of the soldier. At first he feels and acts as we do at home, for the suffering and misfortunes of his comrades, but when he sees so much of these things, so many awful sights and cruelties, he learns that he cannot be the instrument of relief to all, and soon acts and feels with indifference, knowing that his own fate may be as bad, and those who have been killed or made to suffer so severely may only have had the advantage of a few weeks or months, if I may so term it, over the time when his own death will come or his own sufferings be as great. His feelings become more and more obtuse as the different avenues to hardships are opened, and decreased in inverse ratio to the increase of pain and horrors around him.

There seems to be no help for it, for soldiers will forget and neglect all those little niceties, amenities and courtesies, so easy and natural under home influences and congenial surroundings, but want, pain and discomforts are by no means the nurseries in which they best grow and flourish. There is no doubt that the withdrawal of accustomed and usual facilities of ease, comfort and enjoyment, reduces in some minds the capacity to force and undergo reverses, whilst on the other hand, the habitual exercise of economy, the lack of comforts and previous life of want and of misfortune does not impair the powers of enjoying wealth and luxuries. The rule then can hardly be said to work both ways.

The power of accommodating ones self to whatever may befall, is the sure proof of an evenly balanced mind, of a judicious judgment as well as of a self command over a happy temper. In war, however, there is every temptation to become selfish; war itself is essentially so, and it would be hard to imagine that its influences must not be so likewise. The absence of woman, who universally exerts a benign and tempering influence over the rougher and sterner nature of man, is a want, which, whilst it cannot be supplied, is the strongest argument in proof of the presence of many of the worst and most corrupting agencies in camp life. It is not good for man to be alone, and axiom which, pronounced by God in the Adamic age, has lost none of its truth by the lapse of time nor the increase of mankind.

It were well to condemn war on the ground of its essential selfishness; it is proper to denounce it by reason of its manifest horrors and ills; it is right to cry out against it, because it never settles a principle nor establishes a moral truth, but a far better negative, and because negative, a stronger cause for its decrial is that by necessity it must be carried on by man, and man alone, to the entire seclusion of his help mate, woman. The very and obvious necessity of her absence from its horrors and its ills is the strongest denouncer. Kept away for months and years

from her influence, alienated from the circle of her better attractions, the soldier reduced to the sole companionship of his comrades in arms, it is not to be wondered that the balance of his moral nature, never too strong, when with her, yields to the force, or rather the want of it around him.

The license of camp life is fearfully great, its temptations many, and its moral restraints few. Such is the experience of our camp life, and if we speak of these things in an unfavorable light, it is simply to tell the truth.

“ Vice is a monster of such fearful mein,
That to be shunned, needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft. and familiar with its face,
We pity first, then endure, then embrace.”

There may have been a quaint design on the part of our blockading authorities in their omitting cards from the list of contraband articles. It may have been they wished to keep our officers and men from the contemplation of more important military affairs in their devotion to games of chance, and though the idea is a novel one, and therefore original, we give it for the benefit of any who may be contemplating a resort to arms as not unworthy of their consideration; and to be sure to permit plenty of playing cards to pass through the lines to the enemy, but under no mistaken plea of humanity to allow quinine, calomel, or any other drugs or medical stores to go the same way; for these, perchance, like our late Northern friends served us, might do some good in a Christian way to the sick and afflicted. It is well enough, you know, to administer to the amusement of stout, hardy men, by giving them cards, but medicines are a different thing, and hence were contraband of war. Certain it was cards were popular and plenty, and drugs scarce and indifferent, the former owing their invention in the endeavor to give pleasure to a debauched and pleasure-surfeited king, were privileged in the continuance of their mission, and though ages have passed since their intro-

duction, they still offer solace to king, potentate, and legislators. But mark the dispatch and ready dismissal these easily transported agents of amusements receive, when it is known a battle is raging to which the carriers of them are hurriedly hastening. Then the better nature of the soldier asserts itself, and afraid of the moral stigma, inferentially to be drawn from the finding of a pack of cards on the body of a dead soldier, pack after pack of them are nervously drawn from their pockets, as the reports from the front tell of the angry conflict going on ahead and to which they are hastening with the impetuosity of enthusiastic patriotism; and one after another of these painted pictures are unregretfully strewn upon the ground, some faced and some not, just as they chanced to fall.

But few, in that hour of danger and of death, dared to keep them. Here and there perhaps, some stoically hardened veteran, who had outlived his moral fears, or else too proud to follow the suit of his companions, braved this moral preparation for battle and refused to throw his much used, yet much cherished pack away. Perhaps, prudence with him was the stronger motive, and he rather dared to face the inference, if he were killed, than run the risk of obtaining another supply if he lived through the fight; for after all the bustle and confusion attending it were over, and again quiet in camp, it was absolutely necessary for his peace of mind that he should have his pack of cards and his pipe. How vividly all old soldiers will recall the pictured appearance of the roads leading to the field of battle, and I can well imagine a smile of quiet recollection stealing over their faces, as they recall, in their mind's eye, the thousands of scattered cards picturing the surface of the ground in a strangely fanciful manner; all as if in a grand, high shuffling, as though the grand high Mogul of Pandemonium was about to engage the whole army in one tremendous game of seven up. To assort and arrange these in their respective packs, would have required the patience of Job. But they never found themselves back with their former companions

in the same pack, nor with the same owner, though numbers of them afterwards did equal duty in mixed lots, the appropriator contented in the due possession of the necessary number of "fifty-two." They were like Colt's army pistols, which having been exported for use in the Crimean war, in large numbers, were duly complimented by His Serene Majesty, the Czar of Russia, which duly appeared in American papers as an advertisement—and a good one it was—to the effect that though many of them were broken and unfit for use, yet so perfectly and nicely was each and every part of them made and prepared, that substitution of their several parts was easily and effectually made; so that by taking out of the one part damaged, and fitting its counterpart to it from another pistol uninjured in that particular, a new and perfectly working arm was the result. This easy substitute was regarded by his Russian majesty one of the best features of Colt's army pistols, and as it was a true and reliable one, it did no little in the way of bringing to the notice of the nations of the world what has since become the acknowledged and adopted small arm of this and other countries. So it was with the discarded and cast-away cards; they were so admirably susceptible of this rule of reciprocal substitution of parts, that from any mixture of them, a pack of the required kinds and numbers was easily arranged, which by the way, is one of their good qualities, no matter what their bad ones are. The rule of action then was before the battle *discard*, after it, "*take up*," terms which will present their fitness here to all card players. Another industrious mode of employing—we will not call it killing time, when the object was to murder the game found in that employment—was the hunting for what was derisively denominated "gray-backs," to distinguish them, may be, from their relatives by name, the "green-backs," or in compliment to the peculiar kind of money substituted for gold and silver, or perhaps, because they were both a war necessity. These detestable anatomical parasites were at once the horror and the inseparable companion.

ion of both Confederate and Union, for they were no respectors of persons, but stuck alike to all with the proverbial love of a brother. In this respect both armies were treated alike and were alike; probably one of the few instances in which the same truth will hold good. There was no defense against them. Personal cleanliness, at all times desirable, was no proof against their approach. They attacked the lean, lank and fat, with equal avidity, and so long as you were a soldier among soldiers, they revelled alike with the cleanly and the sloven, though doubtless finding the extreme felicity of enjoyment and most luxurious quarters, with those who were the greatest strangers to clean linen and rosin soap; yet it was but a matter of time, and that a short one too, for them to convert their usurped quarters to one of delightful surroundings suited to their peculiar tastes in the absence of continued washing away their goods and chattles by soap and water. And even by these summary means of ejection, you only succeeded in the ousting of the old tenants preparatory to the immediate entry of new squatters, who, unsupplied with homes, anxiously awaited the renovating and cleaning up of their selected quarters, and eagerly watching the last touch to your toilet, that their taking possession might be made, without the least possible delay or loss of a single moment, lest some other equally enterprising squatter-sovereign, looking about for unoccupied lots to let, might possibly assert counter claims, which the advocates of that peculiar doctrine persistently affirm, belong, by right of precedence, to the first who came along, to the exclusion of all subsequent filibusters. I have often wondered where all these atomic parasites kept themselves before the war, and where do they now live and flourish since their opportunity has gone. To what clime or country do they take refuge in times of peace? Where do they luxuriate and multiply since red flannel, their particular delight, has gone out of fashion, and in what undiscovered quarter do they hold themselves in readiness to await the next proclamation of

war? Wherever they are, and wherever they most do vegetate, may all the accumulated wrath and deep, unutterable anathemas, maranathas of Johnny Reb and Yank, descend upon their scurrilous, misrocismatic anatomies, till this fair earth, from pole to pole, may forever be rid of their parasitical existence; and this blessing I utter for and in behalf of each and every soldier of all the combined armies participating in the late unpleasantness. And this I do with peculiar and particular grace in memory of all I suffered at their rapacious hands, and with the assurance, that in hurling it upon their devoted heads, I but give expression to all the muttered and unuttered curses that indignation can frame and contempt invent. It is not surprising then that these intruders kept things going on a lively scale to those who undertook to keep their numbers at the lowest possible unknown quantity, and the least falling off in effort or diminution in the attacks upon them, was surely followed by their increased reproduction. Their powers of endurance were something wonderful, and their complete annihilation impossible in a state of war, for not till peace had disbanded and distributed the large armies and scattered their individual members, that these tormenting creatures were put to successful rout and compelled to seek new homes where a new war would afford them the gratification of their peculiar avocation. With the breaking up of camp their occupation fled and their chief glory was gone. Whether they surrendered and received their paroles on the grounds of Appomattox, is to be doubted, as it was said by a creditable eye-witness, that after the arms were stacked, they might be seen leaving the fatal field of their past glory striking a bee-line for Johnston and to the Trans-Mississippi, where war had not yet ceased. Some of our readers have read of the great riddle of the Athenian fishermen, and as it has suggested itself to us in this connection, we give it for the benefit of those who may not have heard it, and from it, it will be seen in the days of the Grecian philosophers and soldiers, they experienced similar trials in this respect to

Johnny Reb and Yank. It will be remembered these jolly fishermen had been on an excursion to the sea, fishing, and it was on their return they gave this famous riddle, which so vexed and mortified one of their great philosophers of that day that it is said he foreswore his studies and gave up philosophy. The story goes: these fishermen were asked as they were making their way home what had they caught, meaning How many fish? The reply was given in this enigmatical language: "What we caught we left behind, and what we didn't catch we now carry with us." The habit of replying in this species of riddle-language was usual in the days of the old Greeks, and often indulged in by the philosophers themselves. To those familiar with this riddle and its solution, the application here cannot be but a good one, and for those who may be unable to solve it we give the answer; however, asking them to give it a trial before they refer to this page for its solution: These fishermen, it seems, were troubled with "gray-backs," too, having found it necessary, whilst on their fishing trip, to give them a "*hunting up*," and as usual with both ancient and modern persons similarly employed in the murderous proceeding, they put all those to the death which they were fortunate (?) enough to find, and being captured and dead, were left on the field of their capture as trophies of whose possession they cared not, and as prisoners against whom no quarters were given. On the other hand, whilst the captured ones were left where found, those still on their persons which had escaped the vigilance of their eyes or the nimbleness of their fingers, they still carried with them—as good an enigma as that propounded by the Sibyl to the wise philosopher of Greece, who, unable to solve it, threw himself from the Tarpeian rock and was killed. We give it likewise, though not applicable to the subject, though leave the answer to the ingenuity of our riddle-loving readers. The Sibyl asked this wise man of Greece: "What is that which in the morning goes upon four legs, at noon upon two, and at evening upon three legs?" This is known as

the celebrated riddle of the Sphinx; which was only solved by the interposition, so it is said, of some one of the many lesser gods of the Greeks, who applied to by some one of them, the name I can't recall, was enabled to give the answer and thereby caused the death of the Sphinx, whose tenure of life came to an end when so solved by any one, according to the terms entered into between herself and one of the gods.

CHAPTER XI.

This winter, '63-4, had not been one of unusual severity, though in the early spring much rain had fallen, followed by spells of warm, balmy days, hailed with no special satisfaction by the armies, for well they knew the only cause of the cessation of active hostilities on the field was the difficulty of attempting a campaign during the dreadful state of the roads in Eastern Virginia. The low position of this country, abundantly supplied with innumerable streams and dotted here and there by large swampy districts, generally covered with water in the winter and some of them during all the year, together with the peculiar clayey soil, prevented any movement of heavy trains and also of the armies. This soil is one more easily affected by rains than, perhaps, any other in the South, a small fall of water speedily converting the roads into a thoroughly soaked mortar-bed, through which wagons will cut to a great depth, and even almost impassable to footmen.

This sticky, inelastic mud, adheres to anything which comes into contact with it, and shaking it off your shoes in great, heavy slabs, is at once replaced by a new coating in a few steps. It quickly dries under the influence of the sun or wind, and its form is changed into another equally as disagreeable as its former one. It then takes the shape of a dry, finely powdered and insinuating dust, several inches deep, which fills the air under the trampling of many feet, and covers you over with a yellowish coating of a most dis-

agreeable kind. To an army moving, it is almost stifling, filling the mouth, eyes, and ears with its impalpable powder.

We have seen the fences and trees covered with it an inch deep, one of its most disagreeable features being the tenacity with which it adheres to anything—a trait it possesses in both shapes of mud and that of dust. As a mortar, it is a good institution, and very tolerable work may be done with it without the addition of other articles. This feature of it was promptly availed of by the men in building their huts and chimneys for winter occupation. But these roads in their winter condition constituted sure security against interruption of the quiet of winter quarters by the fear of any attempted movement on the part of the enemy. The approach of May and the genial days of its accompanying weather, betokened a commencement of again resuming active operations. Like bees, the warm, drying weather forced them to spring work, and the bloody deeds of death, respited by the winter king, preparatory symptoms were already observable on the part of the enemy occupying the other side of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers, along whose banks his pickets were to be seen. There had been little skirmishing, and a tolerably good understanding had existed between the armies in this regard, to the evident satisfaction of both. This mutually agreeable and humane agreement was renewed during the next winter across the same last mentioned river. Here an almost perfect state of friendship was inaugurated between the respective pickets, and exchanges of papers, tobacco, trinkets, and more substantial articles were frequently and cleverly made and continued till our authorities deemed it prudent to put a stop to what might lead to unforeseen complications. Dinner parties were held in several instances to which our Northern friends were invited and who came bearing luxurious supplies of wine and other acceptable supplies, with which to help out the scanty fare of corn bread and fat pork, the only dainties their Southern entertainers could

command. These were notable occasions, and it was entertaining to see with what perfect good fellowship these opposites intermingled and dined together; soon to meet under circumstances of so much less good cheer where the entertainment was given to feed the fowls of the air—not the inner man of the entertained. The signs to be seen on the part of the enemy soon assumed decisive shape, and on the 4th day of May, 1864, General Grant began that celebrated move by the left flank, which was expected to uncover the capital of the Confederacy and end in its downfall and capture by the parties to this great move.

A hasty, regretful leave was taken of our bad-looking but comfortable winter homes, knowing in quitting them we were leaving the very few comforts and conveniences we had, with the future filled with long, heavy marches, severe fighting and hardships. And, now, too, were to be thrown away and abandoned the most of our few cooking utensils, the few articles of extra clothing and all else which could not be carried on the back of the owner—those things, that great Roman general the first Cæsar, in his history of his wars, denominates *impedimenta*—the plain English of which is *impedimenta*. From this period of the war till its close, there were no facilities for the transportation of the baggage of men; it being impossible to provide the necessary trains, or to add them to the army, thus increasing what Cæsar calls the *impedimenta*. The French soldiers, it is said, can carry sixty pounds of baggage with them on the heaviest marches with comparative ease; but from severe experience, we know twenty pounds to be a tremendous load to lug in addition to arms and equipments, and when supplemented with sixty rounds or more of extra cartridges—too much weight under which to look for the greatest degree of efficiency—what then must it have been to the French soldier with his sixty pounds? Indeed, I have frequently seen our men wearily plodding along, their steps slow and heavy, deliberately throw away the last blanket when at the same time they well knew they would suffer at night without

them. Yet such was the extreme debility of these worn-out men, enervated under the depression of forced marches, without sufficient food, that the addition of one pound was unbearable and the reduction of their load to so small an extent inexpressibly refreshing. True, there were exceptions to this rule, and sometimes were seen some few laboring under loads that did credit to their powers of acquisitiveness, but detracted seriously from their characters as good soldiers. Indeed, it was soon discovered that those who habitually kept themselves loaded down and always eager to add to it, had other ends in view than such as should first be respected by the efficient soldier.

These were the peddlers of the army—the walking Jews of the camp—too overburdened to be up in time for the beginning of the battle, and generally shrewd enough to decline the invitation offered by stripping off their superfluous traps to put themselves in fighting trim. We speak only of those who habitually did this, not of them who in those rare times of joyful abundance, either of a deserted camp or captured train, or sutler's shop confiscated, gladly availed themselves of the Yankee treasures, and after eating all they could, managed to carry off a good lot for future use. Those were gala-days for the poorly-clad and worse-fed Confederate, and the extreme avidity with which he rendered unto himself the things which had been Cæsar's, but now his own, proved that though he had been a stranger to their use so long, he had, by no means, lost sight of how they are useful or as to the manner of their ultimate disposition. The force of habit is strong, and early associations ineradicable. Early on the morning of the 4th of May, General Lee's army marched out from their shanties and the different divisions took up the line of march by the right flank in the direction of the Wilderness and on towards Spotsylvania Courthouse; the entire army being directly opposed to the line of march of the enemy, who had not yet got his long length fairly stretched out by the left flank before we had started too. Part of Ewell's men, to whose

corps I belonged, became early engaged the next day on the outskirts of the Wilderness, that vast extent of low, marshy country thickly covered by small pines and other low timber, and so dense in places that it opposes a serious obstacle to the advance of individuals, much less to large bodies of men.

The fighting now became incessant and scarcely unremitted day or night, and yet all the while the two armies steadily making their way in a parallel direction on to Richmond. We will not follow its movements, as it has already been written too often. Step by step, on these two vast bodies marched, the ground in their rear being one long expanse of a field of battle, on which the dead and wounded lay in all their gloom and agony; many of those thus left being overtaken by the fire that started in the dry, inflammable rubbish, and died in all the sufferings of being roasted by the intense heat; when on the morning of the 12th, after some of the most terrible fighting, they were opposite to and near Spotsylvania Courthouse. Here the enemy gained a signal success, and one which, but for the ready skill of that illustrious hero, General Lee, and the almost superhuman bravery of our men, would have ended in the serious discomfiture of our entire army. Our corps was occupying a peculiarly formed part of the long line of battle, during whose length rude and imperfect breastworks had been hastily thrown up—for the most part by rude implements—the men using their bayonets when unprovided with better ones. It was surprising to see how quickly these defences were constructed, and how serviceable they proved in the absence of better ones. They were generally made at night after a day of mixed marching and fighting, and left sometimes half finished as the line of march by the right flank was resumed, those in the rear occupying and finishing them as they moved up in our place, the same means of defence and protection to be again gone through with on halting. These were hard times for the men, who having just left the comforts of winter quarters, were illy prepared to undergo

such fatiguing work as a beginning of the campaign. Ewell's men occupied, on the morning of the 12th, what was known as the "salient," or horse shoe, in the line of works, a point several miles from Spottsylvania Courthouse. The special feature of this salient was the causes leading to its formation, growing out of the impracticability of continuing the line through it in a straight direction. The ground where the line ought to have been was a deep morass, impassable to artillery and not capable to the passage of troops. Men could not pass through it, save by wading, the water in places being several feet deep.

This swamp was of considerable extent, and it therefore became necessary to place the line either to the rear or in front of it. It was placed in the front, the result being the line at this point took the shape of a V, the opening of the letter leading to the swamp in our rear. Here had been stationed a large park of artillery, some fifty pieces, we think.

The distance from the vertex of the V occupied by our division to the line of the enemy, was not more than 500 yards. This triangular line running around the swamp accommodated itself to the character of the ground in its direction. It was a position of special danger and responsibility; at a weak point at best, and without the artillery, extremely untenable. The enemy had succeeded in forcing through it the evening of the 11th. By some unaccountable and most unfortunate misunderstanding of orders (it could not have been otherwise), all the artillery on this salient, some fifty pieces, all occupying a position less than the fourth of a mile, had been removed after dark the evening before, and consequently were not in position the morning of the 12th of May.

This was a most perilous mistake and greatly did we suffer on account of it. Artillery could do good work here, and yet on that eventful morning not one single piece was with us. Such was the state of affairs after a continued fall of rain from the middle of the night. The men in the

ditches were soaked through, were tired and hungry. They had only succeeded in driving back a large body of the enemy at midnight previous, who had broken through this same salient.

Before daylight we were awaked from our cold, unrefreshing sleep, by what was thought to be firing from the skirmish line a few rods in our front. Suddenly a heavy volley from the infantry, followed by the well known and peculiar huzza of the Yankee shout of triumph. There was no mistaking this sound! All sprang, wet and weary, to their arms. The line was again broken to our left, half a mile off on the side of the salient, and a rushing, triumphant body of the enemy was already in our rear, sweeping the line as they came, and making toward us with all the eager, impetuous rush of victors. What men could do, men did that day. But not one cannon was there, and what a work then was there for cannon to do! We began firing as rapidly as we could to our rear, on the moving, shouting, hordes that were coming. Just then, and when the enemy were within 200 yards of us, one single field-piece was seen coming—cutting its way through water and the advance of the attackers. It had started with six horses and three drivers, and there were left two horses and a single driver; the rest had been swept off by the hissing, death-dealing shower of lead that poured out before the march of the enemy. We shall never forget the cool, nervous bravery of that one artilleryman! Wounded and bleeding himself, he urged his terror-stricken horses to the point at which we stood; his jaded animals scarcely able to drag the heavy piece.

Quickly reaching us he dismounted. "Who will help me to unlimber this piece?" he nervously shouted. He did not have to ask again, for there were brave men there that day, and jumping out from the works, a young man from a Woodstock company quickly went to his help; where, maddened by a wound in his cheek and from the fate of his fellow drivers, stood the lone driver at his piece

waiting for some one to assist him to put it into position. The balls were flying thick and fast, and it seemed madness to leave the safety of the works and go to the help of the brave cannoneer. But it was done. James Albert, known among his companions for his staunch courage, as General Gates of Woodstock, jumping out from the protecting cover of trenches, volunteered himself and called for others. His example was sufficient, and several of his own company, heeding not the rain of balls, and almost certain death, came to his assistance and that of the brave artilleryman. In a few seconds, or less, it seemed, that piece was filled almost to the muzzle with solid shot, cannister, and whatever came first, and the indomitable General Gates giving a nervous pull on the lanyard, a perfect storm of missiles went crushing, tearing down the hill, almost in the very face of the advancing foe. Such a shot was never fired, I imagine, and its execution was only commensurate with Gates's ideas as to what a cannon should do under such circumstances. Even his demands and expectations were more than realized; and that single shot, directed by his own steady hand, cut down fifty of the foe in less than seventy five yards from the gun itself!

It was a patriotic and daring action, and fearfully did it tell on the moving column of our attackers. All this happened in less time than it takes to tell it, and had there been twenty such pieces and as many General Gateses ready to introduce his novel artillery practice, five thousand Confederates would have been saved, on that memorable 12th of May, 1864, from all the horrid and unutterable miseries and sufferings they shortly afterwards underwent at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, Elmira, and Camp Chase, and reserved to the help of General Lee, instead of an inhospitable stay of a year at these miserable pens. But the enemy was successful, and in a few seconds from their first getting to our rear, five thousand of the best of Lee's veterans, and mostly Virginians, were marched out from this man-trap of a salient, prisoners of war, the victims to the neglect

of some one in the withdrawal of our artillery. But our General Gates did a soldier's noble part on that eventful rainy morning, and so did all. His greatest regret, and one equally shared by his comrades was the necessity for his taking down a large and fancifully lettered placard placed above the works by his own hands, and on which were printed the words: "Fort Sumpter, never to be surrendered!" Had there been in addition to the brave men a few cannon, it never would have had to be pulled down, and would have remained a true prophecy. We greet you, Gates, in remembrance of that morning and of Forts Sumpter and Delaware!

We will not speak of what happened that morning, or of *whom* we found safely and quietly esconced in one of the bomb-proofs of the artillery—but your patriotic heart and heroic help, Gates, were in pleasant contrast to the conduct of *one* whose voice should have been heard and presence seen among the men in that trying hour, and not hid away in a bomb-proof. The loss this day was a severe one, though our lines were retaken in an hour afterwards and more prisoners captured than our men lost, yet the capture of General Ed. Johnson, a host in himself, told sadly against us. This was the occasion when General Lee, seeing the advantage gained by the numbers of the enemy, and urged by the demand for prompt and signal action, unmindful of his own personal safety, rode into the breach where all was confusion and disorder. The brave soldiers, overcome by the magnitude of their loss and disheartened by the state of affairs, recognizing the form of their beloved leader in their presence, at once lost their fears and threw off their depression and were again the staunch and fearless veterans. But they would not hear to his leading the charge that must at once be made to retake the lost line. Here the strong devotion of his men evinced itself—so thorough unselfish—as it was shown by the tattered, ragged and hungry men around him. They demurred! they plead! but still their leader was strong in his determination.

They said they could make this charge as well without him as with him. It was a trying moment and not a moment was to be lost. The enemy elated by his success was preparing to follow it up. The moment had come when this must be stopped or Grant's object would soon be reached. Then a veteran all war-marked with smoke, powder and dust, but his eyes lighted with the fire of patriotic courage, and his voice toned in respectful determination, said, "we will go into the charge, but General Lee must go to the rear; that if he lead it he must go alone; but the men wished to make it, and at once.

Could any devotion be more sublimely beautiful or more touchingly grand and unselfishly patriotic? They would go to the death themselves, but their honored leader must be saved; their own places might be supplied, but his could never be filled! And well, too, did he know his men and that they were to be trusted.

What in a moment of absorbing and desperate thought he meant for the best, he now saw would work only harm, and that which he thought could best be done in his presence was out of the question to be done, save only on his retirement and in his absence from the front.

It was under such circumstances the hero and the christian warrior, the greatest and the best of those battle days, yielded to the noble impulses of his men, and the charge was made, the line regained and the day and the army saved. They had done what they promised, and their General had been kept from danger. No numbers, no bravery, nothing could stop that band of spirits, who rushed from the presence of their beloved Lee, like an avalanche broke loose, into the self-assumed task. Many an one of them did not live to see their flag again floating over the salient, but their death was sacred in the sublime consecration of their last hour to duty and to love. From that day Lee's confidence in his men was doubly secure, and he never doubted their ability to do all in the power of men to accomplish. The truthfulness of this incident is attested

by Gen'l Lee himself. But our loss that day was one not to be supplied by new recruits. The country had already been drained and no more were to be had, whilst the enemy were daily being strengthened by additions greater than their losses. A loss by capture or by death was not serious to them; only a matter of an hour or two, when they were doubly replaced. Their supply of men had not been perceptibly diminished, and though they lost treble to ours, yet it amounted to nothing, for they had plenty more already on their way to the front. The truth is at this very time, had we lost what they did, in just one month, there would not have remained a full division of 700 men to Gen'l Lee.

And here we will be pardoned for saying a few things about Fort Delaware, to which prison the greater number of the Confederates captured on that day were carried—we only do so as a matter of being relieved from staying too closely with the army in the field—and what we say shall be said without unnecessary comment—only a part of our experience on that dreary spot for nearly a year. This island, like all other remarkable places, has its romance, and this we will give first. America is too new a country, and its past history, prior to its discovery, too vague and uncertain, like all traditional history, to give to its past that interest which lingers around that of the Old World, at once its pride and its glory of ancestry, still our country keeps well in the track which, hereafter, when it has grown old, too, will surround its history with romances no less entertaining and traditions equally as interesting. All this will come around right when time shall have rubbed off the rough corners of our freshness. Ages hence, when time shall have cast tints about the annals of our fair and prosperous America, our romances and legends will then, too, have taken on that air of mystery which will make them as attractive as those of the Rhine or the Tweed. Many years ago, the story runs, when our maritime commerce was in its infancy, and the period of the giant power steam had not yet come, nor made to obey the hand of the pilot, nor

yet to plow the briny deep from the Old to the New Worlds, the coasting vessels engaged along our long line of Atlantic seaboard in carrying our products from one place to another, a large sailing vessel was bound from one of the Southern ports to New York, or some other Northern city, laden with a cargo of peas. There was then no land visible where this island now stands. From some accident to her hull, this vessel sank immediately over this point in the water, some four or five miles from shore to shore—the ship and her cargo settling down in the deep water never again to rise. The action of the tide, very great here, throwing up the sand around this wreck, first started the formation of this island. The sunken ship was the unwitting cause, the nucleus around which was formed Fort Delaware—afterwards to be famous as one of the meanest, and the worst of the many military prisons of the North. At first it was called “Pea Patch Island,” in commemoration of the cargo of peas then consigned to the briny deep, and further honored, and deservedly so, in verse, by a song commemorating the event of its history. Its growth seems to have been a rapid one, and in a few years it attained the size of a very respectable island, and from the selection of it by the Government as the site for the erection of a large stone fort, it took its present name of Fort Delaware. This fort was intended to guard the approach, by water, from the bay, though, it was said, whilst we were there, that the authorities were afraid of firing salutes from their heaviest guns, lest the whole structure would tumble down and the stones roll over into the sea. This may have been only a report. The truth is, however, that so little was it feared by the prisoners, had they been armed, that General Jeff. Thompson avowed they would not have dared to fire upon them owing to its tottering condition. Here large frame sheds were erected, and the island converted into a prison, there being some fifteen acres in it, the distance from either shore about three miles, and is some forty miles from Philadelphia. Here, after our arrival, were confined nearly ten

thousand prisoners of war—the officers, some fifteen hundred, being in a separate pen, adjoining the one in which the men were confined. The one unpardonable misery of this place, and it must have been selected for this reason, was the total absence of fresh water—there being not a single spring or other receptacle for fresh water, whilst that of the river itself was extremely brackish, being reached daily by the tides. This serious want was undertaken to be supplied by rain water from off the extensive shedding, but this was of but little avail, as 10,000 men need a great quantity of water, and unless it rained a good shower every day, there was no water in the tanks. In fact, we knew them to be empty for weeks at a time, and never for more than a day or two at any time did they furnish us a fair or adequate supply. There were narrow ditches, or trenches, dug through the grounds, from beach to beach, through which the salt water of the river was driven by the tides, and this was, by orders, made the only water to be used for washing our hands, faces and clothes, even if there happened to be plenty of rain-water at the time. The action of the hot sun converted this trench-water, in an hour or two, into almost a putrid liquid, utterly unfit for any purpose or use. There was another device, at least so given out and understood, by the authorities, but sadly neglected, as we can testify, and that was by bringing water from the Elizabeth river in tug-boats. This was done at times, but with an irregularity and uncertainty that only brought periodical relief. For days together, and we know it from a sad bitter experience, not one drop of fresh or palatable water was to be had by the men in the barracks. Of course we had no ice, and by the time the water reached us in the hold of a vessel for a hundred miles, it was in no very palatable condition. Occasionally in scarce times, which happened often, some lucky fellow, who had the money, could buy a drink of what was called clean water, at five cents a drink—good it was not, but a luxury then. When we were reduced to the ditches for drinking water, we can conceive of no suffering greater—

that is, in the absence of real, physical pain. We shudder at the recollection of all we suffered when under a broiling sun, the hot, parched sand all around us, and no longer able to withstand our burning thirst, we essayed the dire alternative of drinking the half putrid, brackish water from the trenches. So far from being a relief or quenching the thirst, it but aggravated and increased our misery—ending often in sickness and vomiting. This was the fruitful cause and source of most of the stomach diseases at Fort Delaware, the terror of our men and the defiers of medical aid. Chronic diarrhœa was more to be feared there than small-pox itself, and so it was understood and dreaded by the surgeons; and we only state what the facts will prove on the records of that prison, that more died, in proportion to the numbers respectively affected, from chronic diarrhœa, than from any other disease, small-pox included, and the mortuary reports then kept will bear me out in the assertion, and we had small-pox pretty much all the time. Aside from the want of good water, Fort Delaware was neither better nor worse than other Northern prisons, we guess—the same inconveniences, sufferings and ills being encountered there as at other similar prisons—all of which can only be known to those who passed under the rod and through the mill. True, we had no shade there, and the hot sun poured down upon us in the summer, followed by the same intensity of cold in the winter. Long shall we remember the Old Pea Patch, and our stay of a year on its inhospitable shores; and we seldom recall it but what the image of a slight, delicate youth from Virginia who, having passed safely through many a bloody fight, fell a victim at this miserable place, shot through and through by an over-zealous and spiteful guard. And he, too, lost his young and promising life through this same terror to us all—the water of Fort Delaware. Of delicate and refined education and habits, Johnny Bibb, of Charlottesville, was a gentleman as well as a brave and noble soldier. He never gave an intentional wounding of feelings, or did a selfish

act to friend or foe. Scrupulously neat in his habits, he endeavored to take all advantage of our scanty supply of water, and with this end had filled his canteen in the evening with which to supply himself during the hot night, and to make his morning ablutions, instead of going to the dirty, slimy water in the trenches. It appeared afterwards an order had been issued, but not made known to the prisoners—and no effort was made to inform them—prohibiting the throwing of waste water from the bunks on the ground inside the enclosure, any infraction to be reported by the sentinels. The order was a strange one, at all events, for after taking this water out it was finally thrown just where the order prohibited it from being thrown from the windows, or it ran there after being thrown out. Our friend Bibb was ignorant of the order, and so were those on his floor. The next morning one of his near comrades, incautiously and ignorantly, threw some water out of the window nearest young Bibb—a thing all had been doing—when a surly, mean and inhuman sentinel seeing the act, without a word or a sign, raised his musket and sent a ball crashing through the window, and in a few minutes young Bibb was dead—a victim to the petty tyranny and cowardly spleen of a monster in a soldier's dress. The less feeling and most vindictive of those guards were the negroes, though none of them had ever been at the front or in a battle. They were mostly what were called ninety-day men, and enlisted for garrison duty. Brave men, and especially those who had been in battles, would not do the mean things those guards at Fort Delaware did.

Nor was the one we gave the only case of a similar kind that took place whilst I was there. A colonel, a crippled prisoner going on crutches at the time, was ordered by a sentinel placed above him on a "*walk around*," to hurry on whilst coming from the meal room to his barrack. He was one of a number, returning from his room, dreadfully crippled and unable to do more than hobble along at a slow gait. The colonel did not hear—that was clearly proved

afterwards by others—and he himself said he did not hear one word from the sentinel, and because the poor cripple did not jump along at the risk of falling, this sentinel—this inhuman—fired at him with his back toward him, from his high walk, and the poor crippled man fell and died in a few hours. These two are truths, and can be proven by a thousand or more of truthful men. Too many of these things occurred on both sides—the result of the over-riding of the better feelings, and the presence of cool, calculating selfishness.

And whilst an ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, and a prominent seeker for the Chief Executive office of this country will persist in the most public manner to accuse us of the South for having committed more and greater atrocities on our prisoners of war at Andersonville and other places, it would be well for Mr. Blaine to remember that there was a Fort Delaware, a Point Lookout and other Northern prisons, and that a recital of what happened at those places would satisfy any honest seeker after the truth, that neither side has anything to be proud of, and that the blame does lie at the door of that side which could have set the proper example and prevented the South from becoming the unwilling retaliators of what had been perpetrated upon their own men. These prisons begot a degree of unfeeling indifference and apathy to the sufferings of others as are a sad evidence of the natural tendency of natures to become callous and selfish. Then, too, the knowledge that we are unable to render aid from our impoverishment—an excuse we readily assume for neglecting to making an effort, there being but few straits into which we can fall but that we may offer some aid or comfort to our unhappy comrades, if we possess the will to go to their relief by forgetting our own unhappy condition. But daily association with the wretched, when we are one of them, is a good school in which to learn selfishness, indifference and hardness of heart, as well as for the forgetting of what may be termed the finer feelings of the heart. We

refrain from saying more about our prison life—they are things that can do no good—but we could say much about our treatment then and our fellow-prisoners that would go far in rebutting the unfair and unjust assertions of Speaker Blaine *et id omnes*. These things should be permitted to slumber unawaked with all the horrible ones begotten of that unfortunate struggle. They will survive as long as the actors live, for memory is jealous of its powers, but we may by means of mutual agreement, let the past be buried and the bloody chasm bridged over and not indulge in their repetition. We can, at least, be careful not to bequeath what we can't forget to be a living legacy to generations yet unborn. By doing now what, if done before, would have prevented this war, we can improve the lessons of that bitter experience to be a lasting benefit to ourselves and to the coming glory and prosperity of our country. This the masses of the people must do. Individuals will fail if unsupported by the great body of the people. So, too, here and there may be found individuals who are now selfishly agitating all these things, but their efforts will assuredly fail so long as the people refuse their consent and support to such selfish aims.

Another characteristic of the treatment of our men at Fort Delaware was the refusal to permit them to have more than one shirt, one coat and one pair of pantaloons, and one blanket. This was the standing order of this Northern bastille, and to enforce it the most arbitrary and cruel means were adopted and rigidly enforced. It made no matter how our men supplied themselves with extra clothing, none were given them by their keepers; at all events, it was all the same and was taken from them. Oftentimes kind friends in Baltimore would send large supplies to us, and there were some of us who had relatives in the North who would supply all we needed had they been permitted. Many a poor, suffering and wretched Confederate there was made happy and to rejoice by the noble and generous people of Baltimore, who, unasked, sent to them clothing, money and

supplies when such gifts were precious beyond price ; and never will we and many more forget what the ladies of this city so magnanimously contributed to the prisoners of the South. These generous people gave to all whom they knew and to all who applied, and in addition their general givings amounted to thousands more. They never tired in giving, and never sent a refusal. Many a suffering prisoner now living owe their lives to the kindness of the people of Baltimore. Honor, honor to them, for a nobler, more generous and liberal people do not live than they of the city of Baltimore ; and their deeds will be remembered by those whom they so liberally and willingly befriended even when the harsh and cruel treatment of the keepers at Fort Delaware shall have been forgotten. But we were not permitted to keep what was given us, and the way in which they relieved us of all save what we had on our persons and one blanket we will now describe : General Schoepf was the commandant, there being about 250 (or more perhaps) of ninety days men who acted as our guards. Among these were half a score of the worst and most desperate, who were dubbed sergeants, and had general and special charge over the prisoners and the personal enforcement of all orders, rules and regulations. Several of these were the worst, the most cruel and vindictive men we ever knew ; they did all the dirty work, for which they evinced a peculiar taste and liking, and carried a thick, heavy club which they used at will upon any, sick or well, innocent or not, just as they chose, without fear, restriction or responsibility to their superiors. One of these prison autocrats was quaintly named "Hack-out," and for hacking he had no superior. Two weeks after our arrival, this man (Hack-out) came blustering into the pen, ordering us to "hack-out," the meaning of which our predecessors told us was to gather together all our possessions clothing, blankets and all else, preparatory to being marched out on the parade ground, there to be searched, one by one, by our clever entertainers. The 10,000 men were drawn up in a close, compact square,

and orders given to open knapsacks and bundles, and to place each man's goods in a line to be searched. Then the searching began, each prisoner first being examined as to whether he had on double shirts, coats, pants, and even down to socks. Any of these articles or other apparel found either in the knapsacks or on the person were taken from us—money, watches and even rings going the same way. They only left us one blanket each and the clothing on our persons. All else was taken, and when after half a day's standing, all packed together, under a broiling sun, we were marched back to our barracks, there was a pile of captured goods of all sorts and kinds fifty yards long and four feet high—enough, as was said by our men, to load a steamboat. We never saw any of these things again; but as one of the officials on the island had a second-hand clothing store, as was said, in Philadelphia, their destination can readily be imagined. This operation was repeated four times whilst we were there for clothing, &c., with similar results in one of which we lost a new suit of clothing sent us worth \$20, five dollars in greenbacks, three shirts and two blankets. My companions fared the same way, and unless you could hide what you had beyond their prying eyes, you were sure to lose it. Once they backed us out to search for pocket-knives and other deadly weapons, and after the search they had a good large wheel barrow full of knives of all kinds, sizes and makes. The excuse for this honorable action was given in the fact that General Jeff. Thompson, one of the prisoners, had in a moment of imprudence said that if all the men had knives and he could get sufficient notice to them of the movement, he could take the Fort, capture every last Yankee on the island, seize a steamboat or two, and carry off every prisoner safely to the South. Whether General Thompson ever did say this or anything like it, we do not know; but certain it was they said so, and true or untrue, they acted on the supposed threat, real or imaginary, and took our knives from us and appropriated them to themselves. Perhaps some other of their officials had a second-

hand entlery store in Philadelphia. These are simple facts, and they speak for themselves.

I saw men knocked down senseless by "Hack-out" and other guards there for no offence and without excuse. I saw men carried out from the barracks dead who suffered into their death without help and without the knowledge of our captors. Our rations were mean, small and most economically distributed—three crackers, the size of our soda crackers, and two ounces of salt pork for breakfast; a cup of water in which the meat was boiled and some beans thrown in and a slice of bread for dinner, and supper (when we had it) like breakfast. We had a cup of coffee in the morning, but a day's eating would not satisfy for an ordinary meal, mean as it was. Blaine may speak as he will, but let him go to the prisoners at Fort Delaware and other prisons, if he really wishes to know the truth, and if the truth will convince him and he is an honest seeker after it, he will no longer traduce the South for its treatment of prisoners unless he pay equal and similar tribute to the kind, manner and degree of that treatment Southern prisoners received at the hands of their Northern captors. There are those living who went under this rot and through this mill who know the truth, and if any really wish to know it, from them it can be learned. But of this enough, and we would have left even this unsaid, had it not been for reading the unfair and ill-timed attack of Blaine; and if he, the leader, the aspirant for our highest office, speaking to the world from his great and honorable place in Congress, would permit himself to be drawn into so imprudent, unfair and vindictive course against the South and its record of the past, surely it will be pardoned in me, an humble, yet sincere, one of those whom he so publicly and unblushingly traduced from his high place, if I have been led into the recalling of what had better be left to die a death of unrevived remembrance for the good of all, and by saying the truth to enter my humble denial to his or any attempt of a similar character.

Neither side has any thing to boast of in their treatment of prisoners ; both have much to regret as well to repent, but the South *did not* inaugurate the cruel treatment afterwards practised by both, and of this we put ourselves upon the great record of truth, some part of which we can testify to ourselves. We hope in the spirit of honest desire to reconstruct a new and glorious Republic on the dead memories of the cruel and unhappy past—cruel on both sides, and unhappy too—that we have had the last instance of a great leader in high places, forgetting the duties of the present and regardless of the great future of our country, unearthing these things of the past either for his own morbid taste and the incalculable injury and harm of all. Truth, the simple truth, Mr. Blaine, is against you, and attempts like yours, though supported by facts, should and will be decried by all who honestly wish the good of our great country and its people.

If our experience of the war has taught us no other or better lesson, it has left the fact true that the way to the hearts and votes of the great people of America lies not in the appeal to passion, nor in the suppression of the truth, but in the honest candid and honorable effort to advance their interests as individuals and their prosperity and integrity as a nation. The heart of our people still beats responsive to the principles which gave it birth, and a return to its former and purer life will yet mark and distinguish the great and happy future which lies ahead, after all the past is dead and buried, and none so cruel and none so evil to be found among us, high or low, as to play the parts of body-snatchers. May that day soon come !

The great moral levers of unity and mutual concession in the masses will secure this success by innate power ; its withdrawal the prestige of defeat. We hope now that since the worst has passed and we can recall the horrors and sufferings of both parties, committed in blind rage of passion, revenge and unthinking partizanship, that there are but few who wish to do other than build up a still greater, wiser and

a happier nation, robbed of all disunion of feeling and imbued with the honest and benevolent desire of a united, free and gloriously independent people. We are but now one hundred years old, and what can we not achieve by our next Centennial? Judging by our past, the best augury for the future, one hundred years hence, our vast expanse of territory, now sparsely settled, and miles and miles of it unbroken by the hand of man and scarcely familiar with his migrating presence, will then be teeming with all the bustle of active, nervous life, and alive with all the throbs and impulses of commercial and agricultural industry. All this lies in the power of an united, contented and peaceful people like ours. The energy we have; and no demand can be made upon our industry that will not be fully met.

The one thing only to be made doubly sure is the oblivion of the few past years and renewed pledges of unity for the future.

We want no party animosities, no sectarian rocks of offence, no stumbling blocks set up by malice or hatred, and no aim for country nor self, save to be a good, patriotic and honest member of a prosperous and God-fearing nation. We can leave no better legacy to those who will witness all these things at our next Centennial than a bequest to keep shut the Pandora box, the opening of which by a few of our selfish, imprudent and unwise leaders, scattered its seeds of horrors and ills that grew, flourished and ripened into a full and bountiful harvest of Civil War. Happily that harvest has been gathered; the proper disposition of it will leave not a single germ from which any future growth will spring. That harvest was all tares! and a good husbandman will not fail in the consigning of them to the flames.

One word more and we leave this subject. When there were so many and just causes for complaint on account of the treatment of prisoners, it is worse than useless to enquire on which side the greater blame lies. Such enquiries are now too late and provocative only of incalculable harm to the cause of a quick reconciliation of feeling and con-

cert of action. Criminations and recriminations are only to be indulged in by the lukewarm and less interested of our people, and their efforts are calculated to injuries which all good citizens wish to avert.

The interesting occasion at Bunker Hill, on its last anniversary, when representatives of the South and of the people of Massachusetts met to do honor to the memory of the glorious days when both fought side by side against foreign oppression, did a better work in the proper direction than dozens of ill timed and ill-natured speeches in Congress or elsewhere. And it is to be regretted that opportunities of such friendly associations are not more frequently indulged in.

In this great work, practical reunions of the people are the levers to turn and mould prejudices and affections, and we venture a better work was done in June last at Bunker Hill than can be effected by less practical means. The coming together of the people from the two extremes of the country, and the becoming acquainted with each other by actual interchange of views, will do this work more effectually than other means less practical.

CHAPTER XII

From the 12th day of May, from the opening of the campaign, the same object was held, and the same means of reaching Richmond—that by the preponderance of numbers by the left flank.

We will not follow the movements of the two armies, by which each General tried to gain some advantage over his opponent; the one to prevent the great sacrifice of life to our own troops.

General Lee steadily brought his men up to meet every move of Grant, and whenever the one made an attack, there was the other to be found ready for the foray. No unguarded flank was left to be turned; no unprotected centre presented itself to Grant.

Strategy was of no avail as against General Lee, and Grant's army was too large and unwieldy for any successful diversion; it was a thing but fight, fight hard every day. Grant had undertaken an object that necessitated great slaughter of his men—assured his losses would be at once made good to him. Acting on the defensive, save when some opportunity offered itself to the ever-watchful Lee to change this policy, our men were carefully husbanded and protected as much as possible. He was thus, by his superior skill, enabled to save his men from unnecessary danger, and to which our enemy was daily exposed. Protected, as well as our limited condition would admit, by rude trenches and works, we awaited the attacks daily made when the enemy would be compelled to leave the shelter of their own works when advancing on ours. These attacks were terrible in the almost resistless force of numbers and the slaughter of the attackers. But we met and repulsed these charges. It was, in truth, nothing but a continued hammering on our small numbers—the continued dropping that was to wear away the rock.

It was the hurling of a large against an inferior army—the principle of attrition. History does not furnish a parallel instance of two such armies, so unequally matched as to numbers and appliances of war, where the resistance on the part of the lesser rendered all the advantages of the greater unavailing during such a protracted and bloody siege. But the end was approaching, and our system of resistance gradually, yet surely, wearing away. The great sufferings at home were beginning to be greater than could be longer borne. To seal their devotion to the cause with their lives would but now add to the bloody hecatomb of their dead comrades, whilst it could not strike out a single link from the anaconda chain that was so surely closing around that small and heroic band in the field. The whole South was beginning to yield under the fearful surroundings. Want and sufferings were doing what heroic men had so long resisted. The end was not far off—brought on by absolute

starvation. The length of the struggle had done this: for what men can fight when the last letter from home told the fearful tale of his little family away off in his once happy home, now starving for food and begging the unhappy man by his hopes of seeing them again, to hurry to their relief and succor. Could he read this fearful appeal, and still fight with his wonted enthusiasm? But it was done, and many a gallant Southron fought on, his heart filled with thoughts that a country should take care should not divert and harrow the minds of her soldiers whilst fighting its battles. It is a proper censure on these men, for their final defeat to come the cynic, but real living and feeling men—men of true hearts, rather than utter against them one word of reproach, with one unanimity of sentiment, declare them to be doubly honored in their distinguished record; that the fact they felt for their homes and little ones, whilst it was a reproach to those who did not when they could, avert the deplorable suffering, detracted not from the irreproachable record of the Confederate soldiers. Failure was not of their making, but those are not blameless, who, by their furious demands for precipitate war, when the demand for their services came, ingloriously refused to respond to the call, and either sought the safety of bomb proofs, or stayed at home in equal security. And not only were their efforts to help their country indifferent and negative, but when the great crisis was come, they were the very first men who spread a spirit of discontent by trading in the wants and sufferings of their country. There are traitors beside the unfortunate soldier who left the army to the relief of a suffering family; and their very tongues ought to be speechless to a word of rebuke or reproach. We cannot properly estimate these self convicted retractors of principle and renegades to their faith. They have the bitter result of the want of honesty and their own reproach is severe enough; and, never again, should the people consent to their assuming any positions of leadership. They made most indifferent fighters, and by no parity of reasoning can we assume

their fitness for the places they held when their voice was strong for war, and who did actually bring it about.

The most alarming feature, and one that should be feared, is, that these persons aspire to places of trust, are seekers of office and applicants for positions of popular leadership. True to their want of practical exemplification of their popular expressions of political views, they are only consistent in their inconsistency, and being found sadly wanting, when one single person would have been a help in our ranks, if not now willing to act in subordinate places, the people should see to it that they be not honored with office when they sought such low and invisible positions during the war. These are the restless spirits who wish to rule in times of peace, but when the dangers of the war are come, are quite well satisfied in remaining where there are no rulers, or none to be ruled, and the greater the distance from the eye of the public the better. Unwilling, even now, to act the part of men who yielded and surrendered, they are happy to keep alive what are never so well cared for as when buried beyond the reach of those body-snatchers and resurrectionists. The time for their leadership ought to be past—that is, the healthiest state of our Union in which the people rule. The war, in a great measure, broke up this autocracy of party managers. Their fervor at the start, and their sad delinquency afterward, attracted attention, and this should not now be forgotten. Few of them accompanied the men to camp, and still fewer stood out at the front till the end. The loss of their old influence in camp was the result of their absence, and the soldiers, for the first time, relieved from this influence and their presence, began to form opinions of their own and to contract habits of thought and of self-reliance which should not now be relinquished.

This war, among other of its lessons, proved that other men besides those who ruled at home, were capable of good and wise leaders of thought and of party, and those who previously arrogated such responsibility in peace, radically

failed to be in their places at the front—that there were in our ranks and files, statesmen as well as fighters, and many who were more worthy of places of honor, trust and emolument, than they who had cheered them off to the field and remained at home themselves, the quiet readers and restless critics of the war news and army movements. And the way they would discuss these things would impress a stranger with the belief that there were many a good General and skillful strategist at home, whose eminent services the country was losing—and may be a greater than our Lee or Jackson. These must now fall back to the solace of their own delinquences, whilst the worthy, consistent men fill our offices and administer our laws.

Republics ought not to be ungrateful, and they only become so under the blind rule of autocratic partizanship and selfish nepotism. Gratitude to merit and to worth, is the evidence of a return to first great principles. There were those, the most intense fire-eaters, who were not only negatively inactive in the cause they did so much to develop, but who from fear of their persons or property, at the first presence of danger and of the enemy, did all they could to conciliate those whom they supposed were eager to arrest them, because from past record they were conspicuous and special personages to the invading enemy. This propitiation was in sad keeping with what they said they would do under the very same circumstances, and the truth is, they would probably not have been disturbed had they not made themselves known to the enemy by their attempt at conciliation. How different from that other class, who only claimed to be good and loyal men, true to their State and its institutions, beyond the age of service and exempt from it, yet who, in the very presence of the enemy, were as firmly true and brave as when quietly discussing the war and its issues. Firm and unyielding, they became no volunteers to conciliate, nor the men to make overtures of peace; and when the oath was presented them to take or go to the "Old Capitol," or other Northern bastiles, they remonstrated

against the injustice of such persecution, but declined. Subjected to insult, arrested and marched on foot away from their homes; treated with all manner of spiteful tyranny, and even violence, they stood to their principles and refused to swear away their manhood by admitting what their hearts did not sanction. Old men did this, and went to prison rather than submit to the moral degradation.

They were, and are, noble spirits, and this day more honored, even by their quondam foes, and the brave of both sides, than they who sought peace and found it on the first alarm. Brave men, everywhere, despise cowardice and respect bravery; and an inconsistent man does not, and cannot, respect his own versatility, whilst consistency is a jewel to its possessor and an insignia of bravery and loyalty to others.

Moral heroism is as admirable a trait to the civilian as to the soldier, whilst the want of it in either renders man fickle, volatile and infirm.

One instance of this strong moral firmness, and there are many others, was the case of an old gentleman of Rappahannock, raised in the old school of Virginia and honest principles. When the neighborhood, in which he lived, was filled with the first Northern soldiers who had visited this county, he was an invalid, and on account of his bad health, together with his great corpulence of body, unable to get out their way. He was a firm, staunch, yet modest believer in the justice of the war on the part of the South. He was visited by a special detail of the enemy, and was told he must take the oath—the iron-clad one, as it was then called. He refused mildly, though firmly. Unable to walk, he was placed in an ox-cart and driven to a Provost in the town of Woodville. So sick he was that he was placed on a feather bed in the cart, and it was thought he could not live through the severe ordeal. Arriving there, he was advised by Milroy himself to take the oath, and he need no longer fear any future trouble. He refused, and said it was useless to say more. After being kept under a hot sun

for some hours, whilst his case was being investigated, and every now and then being asked, if he was ready to take the oath, to which he at once replied: No, sir! he was permitted to be driven to his home, some miles off, with the understanding he would certainly be required to take it the next morning. He was not again troubled, but he did not take the oath, and he died as he had lived, true to his faith and pure in his principles, and the name of Dr. Mark Reid will long be remembered by the people of Rappahannock, as one who feared not, in the hour of danger, to give utterance to the opinions he had formed, and though sick and suffering, and not knowing what fate might be in store for him, would not purchase that quiet and retirement, he so much needed, at the cost of his consistency. There were other just such cases, and the record of the people of Rappahannock, in this, as in all other of the features of the war, was one of which they may well be proud.

There but died a few years since one of the best of our citizens, who lived and died without an enemy, and all men his friends; from the effects of a long confinement in a Northern prison. There he had been hurried, without a trial and without cause, and there kept, though thousands were ready to testify that his life was as pure and honest as it had been quiet and modest, and that never had he, even in thought, committed an act that he would not own in presence of friend and foe. He was as guiltless of any alleged act of broken faith or aggression as any man could be, and yet, without the shadow of a baseless fabric of a suspicion, he was made to undergo such cruelties in the Northern prison as might have outdone a Nero himself. And when the full measure of his cruelties were complete, he returned to his home, the victim of disease from which he always suffered, and from which he died. And yet he was an old man, long past the years of service, and innocent of any wrong save that of entertaining his own political opinions, a true, brave and an eminently honest man and worthy citizen.

Our army at last reached the lines around Petersburg,

which it held till the evacuation of Richmond on the 2nd of April, 1865. It was materially lessened in numbers, and all hopes of reinforcements had long since been given up. Our armies in the far South were in the same condition, and the issue depended on the men already in the field.

The blockade, for a while partial, had now become effective. But few successful runs were made through it, and the chain of armed vessels, strengthened here and there by the large and powerful iron-clads and monitors, guarding our entire long line of sea coast, was too great a cordon not to prevent the possibility of our ships from getting through. Many captures were made, and our supplies from abroad few and irregular. Here was a great and powerful engine that aided in our downfall, and had the seas been open to us, our condition would have been immeasurably bettered. This led to the depreciation of our currency and the appreciation of all articles of barter and trade. This was a force that was all the while doing greater harm to us, and one which our armed foe failed to do on the field. It was the silent, but ever-working sapper of our supplies, the withholder of our necessities. Contrast, for a moment, the hundreds of vessels daily loading and unloading at the many ports in the South, both inland and from almost every European country, and the days of the war when not a single one passed in for weeks, and it will be seen what to be blockaded means. What a deprivation this would be in peace, but what in time of war!

And, yet, all this did the South have to contend against for four long years of unparalleled resistance. By it we were reduced, from a condition of affluence and plenty, to one of absolute want and poverty. Now it was the injudicious course of the South, in having neglected the manufacturing industries, was so materially felt and understood, but too late to help. It is not then a wonder that the end finally came—the greater wonder is, that we should have held out for so long a time, and so well.

The only affairs of interest during the long siege around

Richmond the last winter of the war, were the daily engagements with varied results, our army continuing to hold its original lines about thirty miles long. At points so attenuated was this line that the men holding it were at distances as much as six and eight feet apart, resembling a line of light skirmishers. This thin array of men was unsupported by any reserves or other forces, and it seems incredible that so small a force, less now than forty thousand men, was not literally run over and crushed by the tremendous numbers of Grant. Yet they held their own when they were suffering for food and sufficient clothing. Cold corn bread, badly baked from indifferent grain in cakes two feet broad and twice as long, constituted the principal bill of fare. Plenty of this was not always to be had, mean and unsavory as it was. It could not be *clean*, from the very manner of its preparation and distribution. Baked in one of the two cities of Richmond or Petersburg by details of soldiers, it was thrown in wagons or in cars by men whose appearance indicated a total indifference to good, clean water; it was then conveyed, after reaching the trenches, in other vehicles equally in keeping with its other means of transportation to the different companies. By the time it reached the half-clothed and hungry men in the trenches, it can be readily seen it was in a prime condition for appetites if its handling could be overlooked.

The dark-colored cakes or slabs resembled nothing we can think of better than some species of clay-colored flag-stones we have seen, and as to its edible qualities it is beyond comparison, and was only like itself. Still it preserved life, and that was the full extent of our supplies during this last winter; and cold, dirty corn bread, made of musty, unsifted meal was better than nothing.

The clothing resources was on a par with the eating, and the eleven Confederate dollars received monthly by the men would not add one single day's food at any hotel or public house, even when the opportunity to buy it offered. Meals at city hotels at this time were twenty dollars each,

and a day's boarding and lodging was to be had at the Spotswood or Exchange for the indifferent sum of \$60.

At this rate a month's pay would not buy one square meal such as the doomed city offered. Fancy the fix, then, of a Rebel who undertook to pay his board out of his pay! He could manage by clever hoarding for two or three months to save enough to enjoy the delights of the capital for one day with an occasional luxury of a drink or two at \$2.50 apiece of most villainous stuff named whiskey. Flour was sold at \$1,200 per barrel, and a pair of shad brought \$250. Such fabulous prices only show the utter worthlessness of the currency, and yet the city people managed to pay them and that without grumbling. It was a favorite saying that when one started to market it required a hamper basket in which to carry the "Confeds," whilst the purchases could comfortably be returned in two or three fair-sized over-coat pockets.

Such was the condition of things on that eventful Sabbath morning, when Mr. Davis was interrupted in his religious devotions at St. Paul's church, by a hurried message from General Lee, written from the front, that he was no longer able to hold our lines around Petersburg, and that Richmond must at once be abandoned to the mercy of a now victorious army. That April morning will never be forgotten!

The time had at last come, and a weeping congregation quietly left that church to prepare for the last sad drama of the long war. Never was confusion worse confounded when the news got abroad in the doomed city. A mad, uncontrolled and terrified mob completed the scene of woe and destruction by the communication of the flames from the public to the private property, so that when the now jubilant and victorious captors marched into the city, so long their successful resistor, they were greeted by a burning and flaming prize. Such was the general and pervading spirit of the uncontrolled mob who had all things their own way, that for a while it was thought impossible to save any-

thing from the devouring flames to mark the spot where once stood the proud and defiant centre of the Confederacy. But such are the effects of war, and where we find war, there we may with certainty look to see such results. The two are close and allied friends—the beginning and the ending of all resorts to the sword.

On that night our men noiselessly and mechanically filed along the trenches they so long defended, as yet ignorant of the extent of the move they were making—the spherical shells flying over their heads and whizzing by spent themselves among the trees behind the works, whilst the bright meteor-like mortar shells darted high up over their heads, when suddenly stopping their flight for a second fell to the ground with a hissing noise and buried themselves yards deep in the soft earth, or else exploded before reaching it. These were the famous mortar shells, by far the most terrifying and demoralizing of all the missiles of war. At night they could be seen from the moment they left the mouth of the mortar all through their eccentric flight. At night they may be avoided, but during the day when not visible, save at intervals, they are a destructive missile. They are only shot at short ranges, and are seldom used except on board ship or during a siege. At Petersburg both sides had their full share of them, hundreds being placed along both lines. The mortars are a simple contrivance and admit of no improvement, and are scarcely more than four feet or less long with a diameter from twenty to forty inches, and resemble somewhat a common drug mortar, and hence their name. The bore is deep enough to admit of the introduction of the charge of powder and about three-fourths of the shell itself, it being laid loosely on top of the powder. The mortar is hung upon its sides in a frame and is easily moved so as to change the degree of elevation. They are not used at greater distances than a mile or little more, and never at point blank range. They are fired at an almost perpendicular position, so that the shell describes in its flight an elliptic curve, eccentric in its form, going one-half of the whole distance

of its flight when it reaches its greatest elevation, from which point it begins to descend at the same angle at which it attained its highest flight, accelerating its speed as it nears the earth, so that though moving slowly when it begins its dip, it falls upon the ground with a terrific crash at a tremendous speed. There can be no more beautiful or sublime sight than that presented by these shells as they describe their eccentric flights through the air; and when the two lines were firing at the same time the passing and repassing of them in mid air was something grand beyond description. They seemed as though they were balls of fire hurled by some irate of the Gods of Fire, or that these Gods were indulging in some warlike contest introduced for the amusement of mortals. But it was a sport that might be dearly indulged, for those flaming spheres of red-hot iron, rolling their heavy shapes through the upper air, were terrible engines of death and destruction. Strange to say, however, their damage to life and property was not nearly so great as might have been expected.

As science adds more destructive weapons of warfare, so too does science, or the instinct of preservation rather, invent better and safer means of defense and protection. The rule seems to be one that follows in the wake of progress and improvement, else the loss to life would be a sacrifice too terrible to contemplate. In fact, not nearly so many are now slain in battle among civilized and enlightened nations, where all the skill and aids of improved arms and appliances are in use, as are killed in the contests between some tribes of Indians and savages, who, destitute of minnie rifles, rifled cannon and needle guns, fight hand to hand, armed only with the rude and clumsy weapons only effective in close quarters. So that when mortars were brought to bear upon our lines around Richmond, we were not long in finding that good sound logs, covered with plenty of earth, constituted a safe and reliable protection. Excavations, like ice-houses, were dug seven or more feet deep, over which these logs were first placed and over them eight or ten feet

of earth, and these became soon known by the fit, appropriate and suggestive name of "*Bomb-Proof*"—names that were aptly given to all *soft* positions and places as those of clerkships and so on. The watching of these mortars, large as camp-kettles, by the soldiers was an interesting occupation so long as the firing was not rapid; but when so, there was danger of being caught by one whilst watching the others. After gaining the highest position they could easily calculate the point at which it would strike, and if that point were close by, the soldiers would dart down through the narrow opening to the vault of the bomb proof below, and from their subterranean protection await the terrible fall and explosion that followed, as safe as though they were ground hogs ensconced in their holes from the pursuit of hunter and dogs. Occasionally two of these fiery monsters as they pursued their opposite flights would meet, high up in the heavens, when thousands of bright, streaming lines of fiery red would dart away from the crash that followed.

Thus suddenly arrested by meeting in their headlong flight, the bright flashes of fire would for a moment radiate out from the place of contact, and then the two masses of iron, spent of their initial force would fall perpendicularly with a heavy thud into the neutral ground between the two lines, and their errand of death be a brief and abortive one. The mortar duels were sometimes continued throughout the night, particularly if any move was about making, in order to draw away attention from it. At such times the men wisely kept themselves deep down in the ground, and did not venture forth into the upper air till these mortars quit firing. It is astonishing what a hole one of these thirty-six pounders makes in the ground, and sometimes even the best of the bomb-proofs did not prove secure against them. We have seen a hole into which a horse and cart could easily be put, and then room to spare for the driver, and the air filled with a thick shower of dirt and stones for rods around. Our last small remnant of an army

wound their quiet, mechanical way out from the scenes of their winter's sufferings, and then began that nine days' march, which was to be the end of all the trials of those four long years of war. The beginning of the end had now commenced—Petersburg at one end and Appomattox at the other.

The agony of those nine days was not even to be spared those sacrificing heroes. The full measure of their sufferings was not yet complete. But it would be when they had reached the fatal field of Appomattox. They could lay down their well-tried arms and rest their aching hearts. Soon there would be no longer need of them, their work was done, and they could return to their homes, where starving little ones had long been waiting their coming, but waiting in vain. They need not fear in responding to the cry for help from home: the war was over, and no longer a dread military law would brand with disgrace those who dared its vengeance. All this was past, and yet that which was to come was more preferable? Of all the dread and direful marches through which these veterans were to pass, this last one was the worst, and it was reserved to the closing one of nine days to be the severest of them all. It could have been worse, but hardly so, and hard, hard indeed, the condition of those whose fate was worse and sufferings greater. The line of march, for the most part, through the fields wherever the best progress could be made, was marked from its beginning to its close with abandoned and deserted wagons, tents and parts and pieces of the general impedimentary appliances of war. The poor, broken down horses, scarcely able to drag their shadowy frames along, were hurriedly cut away from the teams, to which they were but impediments, and left along the way to care for themselves in that stripped and robbed country. There were no provisions to take along when the retreat began, and those which ought to have met them on the march failed to reach them. The poor hope, which at times revived the poor, weary men, as they dragged their heavy

footsteps, weighted with the red, stiff clay of that country, sank in them when, reaching the point of supply, found no provisions there. Human forbearance could not stand this and yet play the soldier hero as Lee's veterans had done on so many a hard fought and dearly-won field of glory. There was not one hope—one last lingering hope left them. The last few of so great an army were wending their struggling way on to the burial of all upon the fatal fields of Appomattox.

And what a scene was that last of all the exploits of that great and good army! A few worn out and battle-scarred of that once proud and defiant band met around to yield up the arms they had borne so loyally and so well. The battle cry, the defiant war-whoop, the shout of victory were now over and no longer to be heard in the land. The hammer had at last done its work. The last drop had worn through the hard rock, and Lee and his little band had yielded to the power of numbers what equality could never have gained. Numbers, and naught else but numbers, had conquered. That little band of a few thousand, strangers so long to rest and comfort, but well acquainted with suffering, were now to be the sponsors for all their dead and absent comrades. They were to speak the word that proclaimed themselves the living prisoners, and the dead useless sacrifices in a cause that was lost. Their duty was a doubly solemn—a doubly painful one; and when the last word passed from lip to lip, and from man to man, down that little line of Confederates, the sad, the hated news left each one of those battle-scarred and bunged veterans a tearful and miserable man. Tears filled eyes unmoistened for years, perhaps not since the sunny hours when tales of just such scenes as the one they were now acting, had won their pity, and their youthful hearts had melted at the recital of the wrongs and sufferings of others.

And there stood the noble and fearless Lee, great in the hour of victory, now more than ennobled in the sublime character of the man in the hour of defeat. He, too, no

longer the chief of a triumphant army, was now the quiet companion and interceding friend of his gallant and well-tried men. And he, too, the great, the gallant volunteer of a desperate charge in the hour of need and great demand; the beloved Lee of Virginia, was weeping in this, the hour of our defeat. A Lee in tears! Ah! no one knows the agony of that scene; and the deep, unknown misery of Lee and his little army. Who can know the thoughts, the bitter, burning thoughts born of that desperate hour? Who can tell of all the hopes that had burned so brightly in the hearts of those men, that were then buried forever on that fatal field, on the memorable 9th of May? But we close the gloomy picture.

Reflections of the past are not useful, save as lessons of profitable experience for the future; and may we not hope the one so dearly learned of that unhappy struggle, have sunk deep into the minds, that whilst they cannot forget, will not fail to improve and make them useful. The great moral of that struggle was reached through the blood of thousands to whom the cause for which they fought was very dear; and yet to us the survivors, and by far the greater sufferers, is left the legacy of building upon the ruins of that experience a useful fabric of a sound and equal liberty, and a protecting and protected government. Dearly bought as they are, the past can only be atoned for by a patriotic determination to raise no cause of sectional strife nor bitter differences, to outlive good designs for the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

And now we come to that part of my book which ought to have taken the place of much that has already been said, but I plead the natural excuse of a memory that will dwell on the scenes of the past, and especially on those of the war. Then, too, I have not the presumption to believe the recital of my quiet and ordinary life, one, and an humble one, of that large number of Southern soldiers, could offer

the same matters of interest as the events with which I was connected as one who fought through the war.

How a "One Legged Rebel Lives," if confined to the incidents of my own life, would prove a very dull and hardly readable book—that of some more important and distinguished personage would fill the measure of interest; but, unhappily, I never rose to be a general, but I hope I was not a bad soldier in the humble role of a high private in the rear rank. The wandering away, therefore, from my own life and from the title of my book has been intentional, and, in doing so, I hope it has been for the benefit of my readers. . Not, however, to fail altogether to make some application to my title, I shall now give somewhat of my private life and my struggles with this world and its people, as a one legged man, since this cruel war is over. In this I shall be as brief as possible, and only give the more salient points of what has been a not eventful life. The part of myself which has left me and long since gone back into its original dust—I mean the other leg which I have not got—continued to be the cause of great pain and suffering, even as it had, toward the close of the war, prevented me from doing the same service as I did before it was struck, and, on my return home, got worse and worse, until my condition was unsupportable. The pain was too severe and unremitting to permit me any constant occupation, even though my physical condition would have allowed it outside of the pain. The most of my own, as well as a good part of the time of others, was occupied in seeing after and attending to my wounded ankle. Employment of any kind was simply out of the question.

The best medical advice was unanimous that the skill of the surgeon, aided by his knife, must be finally resorted to, and the sooner the offending member was off, the better, both to save great suffering and the sympathetic action that might affect my general health—that it was better "*off* *than* *on*;" and that though it might not result in direct injury to my health to keep it, still, at best, it would

prove but a sad aid to my locomotion, and after years of dragging it along with me, it would, in all probability, have to be cut off, and that then my condition would not, perhaps, be in as favorable plight for the operation—and all things considered, it ought to be amputated.

I did not fancy this juncture of my affairs at all, for though by no means a vain man, nor unusually proud of my personal beauty, I had, nevertheless, a strong liking for myself and every part of myself, and looked upon this attempt of ridding me of one of my well-tried propellers, as a direct attack on the beautiful contour—on the perfect outline of my *tout ensemble*—and only gained my own consent to this cutting ordeal after a long and thorough investigation into the risks, benefits and future expectations. It was a blow at my pride, in fact, a cut at me I could ill brook: for though not the prettiest, nor the best of legs, yet, such as it was, it was mine, and was all I could reasonably look for, and having once parted with it, it might be some time before I could procure its counterpart. But fate and the doctors were both against me, and the two proved insurmountable, and dire as was the alternative, it was the only plan which promised me a sure riddance of the painful and offending member. So it was, after reflecting, planning and scheming, all on behalf of my bullet-shattered limb, and finding no hope, nor means of relief, I found myself, on one bright day in the spring, and a short while after I had returned to my friends from the field of the surrender, at full length stretched on a table in the presence of three or four grim disciples of his ancient honor Mr. *Æsculapius*—supposing him to be the father of surgery as well as of medicine—with all their cold, shining instruments of their bloody trade, spread out in an imposing and grim array, for the special benefit and aid of your very humble servant. Talk about the pulling of teeth! that want nothing. Ugh! with what nervous dread and horror did these knives, saws and all the other horrid implements inspire me. That assortment would have done no little credit to a

No. 1 butchers' establishment. How it made me shiver, and how the cold, clammy drops stood on my melancholy brow and stole down my fair cheeks, as I realized all the intents and purposes of that array of tools, and how I wished there had been no war—or, if war, there had been no bullets used—or, if bullets, no guns to shoot them—or, if guns, no blasted Yankees to use them—or, if Yankees, well, that they hadn't made us fight them—in fact, that I hadn't got shot at all, or, if shot, it had only been a good furlough wound, and not one that was to make me a "hop and-go fetch-it" cripple for the rest of my days, with fifteen or twenty pounds of my own dear self down in the grave as a forerunner there, since it could run no longer for me here. All these, and more, were the soothing, comforting reflections which engaged my perturbed and terror-stricken mind, as I lay there awaiting the careful and methodical preparations that were being made, all for my sole benefit. How I hated all those studied, deliberate preliminaries, so suggestive of what was coming! Why could not those methodical doctors go about it in an easy, off-hand and familiar way, as if it were no great consequence after all, and not look and act as though on the particularity and nicety of their every arrangement depended the fate of nations, and not that of one poor ex-rebel. It is not a pleasant fix to be in, my readers, I assure you, and I can name many much more comfortable.

But the chloroform did its part of friendly relief from pain, and in a few minutes I awoke to find myself a one-legged man. And such, my dear readers, I have been ever since. Though my leg soon got well, yet I had to learn again how to walk; for to locomote on one propeller is quite and altogether a different thing from going it on two, or a pair, and the one has to be learned just the same as the other was in our days of infancy. But, by-and-by, I learned to go it alone on one pair—one of them of good sound flesh, the other of good sound hickory. It is not a very fast way of getting over the ground, nor a very easy one either, but far better than not to be able to walk at all; it is going

it alone in more respects than one. Some of my friends call me "timber toes," but in this they are wrong, for a man with half an eye can see I have no toes at all on the one side—though on the other, quite as good as anybody's toes. But my nature is good, and I have no objection to my friends amusing themselves by perpetrating jokes on my fix, provided only they be good ones. Bad jokes, like bad eggs, tell on themselves. But, one thing is sure—I find this world a pretty hard place to flourish in when you have no money, and only one leg to make it with. My own experience has fully taught me this. I have had a hand in many and various things, and have tried to make me a fair living.

Hard work, I cannot do, for I have not yet found the leg which I could use with ease and comfort—all of them rubbing my stump and keeping it more or less sore and irritated all the time. I have had my reverses too, and after saving up a \$1,000 at Huntington, two years ago, by keeping a boarding house on the line of the Cheasapeake and Ohio Railroad, the suspension of work by this road, and their inability to pay off their laborers, and who were my boarders, lost me this sum of money at one fell blow, and did not leave me a cent to begin on again, after I had paid off my own indebtedness. This was a severe blow to me, for with that money, the result of my own services, I expected to place myself in a condition of self-supporting business. But regrets are vain. For two years I travelled over my own, and several of the adjoining States, as a seller of books. This was a very good trade for me so long as money was more plentiful than now, but the hard times of the last few years put an end to this.

Again, I kept a bar and dispensed the fiery liquid to the thirty ones, but this I only resorted to because I could do no better, and it was this or nothing. At Rawley Springs, in the county of Rockingham, I kept a bar during the season of 1871.

Here one of those heavy speculative jobs seemed fair to turn up and make me a rich man, and lift me out of the

dull and laborious life of a toiler for bread, by one glorious turn of the wheel of fortune. The waters of Rawley have considerable of a reputation for their medicinal qualities, and a friend of mine who was always on the lookout for a soft job, especially if it gave evidence of a big bonanza being hid away somewhere about, conceived the idea of having several hundred hogsheads of the Rawley water bottled, properly labelled, and put upon the different markets as the greatest tonic and curative of all the waters—a perfect panacea for all the ills to which human flesh is heir; and this friend, wishing me to accompany him along the road which was to lead us both to Elysian fields of boundless wealth, kindly gave me the contract to bottle the water, he having the necessary bottles and fixtures for the work furnished, and all that fell to my part of the big job was the filling or having the bottles filled.

Sharing in the enthusiasm of my friend, and not wishing to have so common a record of my past life to give to an admiring and wondering public when I had attained the golden measure of our great expectations, as that of a filler of bottles, I prudently sublet my own part of the big job, mentally sure that the few cents I would have to pay per bottle would be but a small drawback on the sum total of my revenue, and for the humane and further purpose of giving employment to some deserving but less lucky fellow than myself, and thus be the means of putting a good living into his hands and pulling him along with me. I knew that I had been poor once myself, and in those days of my poverty how glad I would have been for some one to put such a chance in my hands, and reflecting on my own feelings in my past days when no such golden dreams gladdened my heart, I felt a sweet gratification in being able to give a poor, but deserving son of toil, five cents per bottle for incasing the life-giving and health-restoring waters in their glassy receptacles. Ah! I know how one feels when he is rich, for I had the very same and identical feelings myself, and come what will the satisfaction of being the

next thing to a rich man, that of believing one's self so, cannot be taken from me.

And I know what a poor man's feelings are, and I can say having had both, that all this talk about trouble and no peace and the misery of being rich, is all a humbug; they are happy—just the happiest of men, for I know all about it myself and have been there. Well, the man I employed went to work with a will, for the more bottles he filled the more he made, and in a few days such a pile of filled bottles never before and never will again astonish the wondering amazement of the good people of Rawley.

Of course I paid my sub contractor, but so far as my part of the fortune is concerned, it is my honest opinion three-fourths of that large assortment of gaily-labelled bottles were actually sold for less than it had cost me to have them filled, and that was the time I could sympathize with Beast Butler in his "bottled-up condition" at Bermuda Hundred referred to by General Grant in his reports. I was actually and bona fide-ly bottled, not having to this time got back my advances of five cents per bottle.

It is a glorious thing to be rich, and the next best thing to it is to think yourself so, or that you have a big thing in hand which is bound to make you so. I know how the iron, copper and tin ore finders feel when they strike "ile" on their own land or those of their neighbors, and see huge works already erected, out of which is to pour the pure thing itself, and which will make them all fortunes and some to spare.

But bonanzas are slippery things to deal with, and it is to be feared I have had my only good thing in this line of promotion and mine was to come out the least substantial and impalpable of all things nearly, the subtle and abundant one of water. I don't think I'll ever venture on water again—unless in the shape of ice!

The most of my other business engagements were also in the Valley of Virginia, and I will say a kinder, more hospitable and thoroughly helping people do not live under the

sun, and never shall I forget or cease to thank the good people of that fertile valley for all the many continued acts of patronage and kindness under circumstances that made a lasting impression. The years I passed there, after the loss of my leg, gave me a most excellent opportunity of judging of their good qualities of head and heart. Left at the close of the war with all gone upon their land, save their houses, they went to work and in a few years they had rebuilt their barns, fenced in their farms, and removed the very earmarks of that struggle which dealt with them more severely as a country than any other in the State, save around those great centres of the siege and of the heavier fighting. And yet now they have done more to regain what they lost, and in a better condition, all things considered, than any other district in the South. This shows the reproductive element of the Valley people; the vim and energy with which they go to work to renew and to rebuild. Passing along that noted pike from Winchester to Staunton, a few years since, on every hand the prospect had none of the lingering marks of the war that still linger around and about other districts, and like ghosts that will not down, yet haunt the spot where they were embodied. The only exception in this beautiful valley is the town of Harper's Ferry, and the very spirit of decay and ruin seems to have doomed it to a lingering siege of the demon of war. There, on all around and about it, its houses, streets and buildings still wear the faded and war stained dress that that ruinous struggle cast over them, and there seems not spirit enough left to the place itself to cast them off.

Poor, unfortunate and war-drapiered Harper's Ferry! May the spell that has bound you in its strength soon depart. All the other towns and villages of this beautiful country have shaken off the spell of the war, and to none but a close observer can now be seen any of those heavy traces deeply marked by the ruthless hand of the invader, who, unsatisfied with the work his passing and repassing armies had done, would not quit this land, where they found none

bnt true and loyal hearts, till they invoked the aid of that last of all resorts even to savages—the free aid of the fire fiend!

CHAPTER XIV.

A FATAL PISTOL.

In one of the heavy fights of this campaign, on the 12th day of May, when the enemy had made a heavy charge upon our lines, they were repulsed with great slaughter of life and loss of prisoners. The Colonel leading this charge in front of my regiment was killed, and coming upon him, as he lay among the dead and wounded, I took his sword, which was a fine one, and his pistol. The sword I gave to Col. John D. Lilly, a gallant and noble soldier, and the pistol to Lieut. Ash Grinnan, of the 13th Virginia. In a minute or two after, in a repetition of the former charge, he shot and killed a Union officer with it, in a hand to hand encounter with him, and directly afterward Grinnan was shot dead with the pistol in his hand. Lieut. Tip Strother, of Culpeper county, a brave young officer, who was close by, took this pistol from off Lieut. Grinnan, and a minute afterward was badly wounded whilst holding the same pistol in his hand. The fatality of this weapon ended here. John Turner, of Culpeper county, got it from Strother, and returned it to me, the original captor; so that in less than fifteen minutes and in the same fight and almost in the same place, no less than four different persons were killed or badly wounded whilst holding it or with it.

And here we will give a veritable affair that happened in one of our marches, whilst General William Smith (or Extra Billy as he is called) was in command of our brigade. The order came from General Early to General Smith to fall back. General Smith, speaking in all his usual warmth and expression, gave the command to fall in and march off,

and ended by saying if we didn't hurry up he would march off the regiment and leave every d—d one of us.

At Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th of May, in rear of the Stonewall brigade, an oak tree, fourteen inches in diameter, was entirely cut off by bullets, no cannon being used at this point. This tree was seen by many who still live to bear witness to this fact. We have on several occasions seen trees, not so large as this one, cut down by the bullets, the number of them necessary to do such work being of course unknown, but probably thousands were requisite, from which may be formed an idea of the number flying through the air in a heavy fight.

A DESTRUCTIVE SHELL.

At the second Manassas a shell was thrown from the Warrenton road, a few minutes after General Ewell received the serious wound that resulted in the loss of his leg, in Company C of the 52d Virginia, Captain Byers, which killed and wounded eighteen men, seven of them having been killed on the spot. Among the wounded by this fatal shell was Col. James H. Skinner, of Staunton, Va., commanding the 52d Virginia, who was afterwards wounded at Gettysburg and rendered blind for several months by the dirt and gravels thrown into his eyes by the bursting of a shell upon the ground in his immediate front. In the battle at Spotsylvania Courthouse, in which the 52d was engaged, Colonel Skinner was shot through both eyes by a musket ball, and after this serious wound our regiment was commanded by Colonel Watkins, of Rockbridge county, a young and gallant officer, who was killed whilst bravely leading his men on the 30th of May, 1864, at Bethesda church.

Colonel John D. Lilly, of Staunton, then took charge of the 52d Virginia, and in one of the many fights in the Spring of 1864, on the 19th of May, he lost his hand. Col. Lilly, like all the commanders of the 52d, was greatly loved by the men, and was a brave and efficient officer.

The losses of our brigade in officers and men were heavy, and in the Bethesda church fight we lost 450 men out of 700 who went into the fight. We went into this desperate battle commanded by a brigadier, who, with our four colonels, were all killed or wounded during the day, and after the fighting the 250 of our brigade still left in the ranks was commanded by a captain. The record of this brigade was a good and brilliant one, and it did some of the best fighting and service of the war. As a command it never failed to do its duty, and its colonels and generals were all distinguished as efficient officers and some of them as statesmen. Its record during the war would be an interesting and famous one, and we hope some one of its surviving members will yet collect and publish its war history.

BLOOD VERSUS MOLASSES.

Whilst on the subject of war anecdotes, we are reminded of one that occurred in which we figured whilst suffering from the wound in our ankle, received a year or more previous. At the terrible conflict of the two great armies at Sharpsburg, and after the fighting had reached its greatest intensity, the color-bearer of my regiment, one of the bravest and best spirits in the 52nd Virginia, was killed in one of the many fierce charges of that memorable battle, and in the excitement and hurry of the advance, the battle-marked flag lay upon the field in the clasp of the heroic youth, who only parted with it with his life, the regiment in the meantime passing on. Observing the fall of our colors, I quickly unclasped the staff from the hand of the dying youth, and soon gained my place in the ranks of my command, with the torn and bullet-scarred flag once more proudly waving over the brave boys of the gallant 52nd. Shortly after the firing in our front ceased, and whilst awaiting future developments I picked up a canteen, which had been dropped by some one of the enemy, and only knowing that it was full of some liquid, and not troubling

myself at the time to ascertain the kind and nature of its contents, placed it on my shoulder, and in a few minutes was again hotly contesting the advance of a fresh body of the enemy, who undertook to regain the ground lost by those whom they had reinforced. In this engagement the flag staff was struck by a ball, which carried the colors out of my hand, the bullet passing through my clothes on the left side, grazing my flesh, and I thought, from the stinging pain, peculiar to gun-shot wounds, which followed, inflicted in my side a severe, perhaps, serious wound. In fact, I supposed myself badly wounded, and started to the rear to be out of the rain of balls, that filled the air all around, in order to take proper care of the wound which, from the pain I was suffering, I thought needed looking after, and from the quantity of what I took to be blood running down my person, I naturally supposed was bleeding very profusely. Reaching the protecting side of a hill, a few hundred yards off, where, for the time I was safe, I met one of the officers of my command on his way to the regiment, and, in answer to whose inquiry as to what was the matter, replied I was badly wounded, and pointed him to the stream running from my side which, by this time, had completely saturated my clothes from my waist even down to my feet. He undertook for me the office of the kind Samaritan, and, soldier like, to make an examination of my wound. Imagine my surprise and astonishment when, on a close inspection, he exclaimed: "Why, old fellow, it is molasses!"

It is but just to myself to add, that the ball which had grazed my flesh had gone into my captured canteen, which, unknown to me, was filled with molasses, and, it being a warm day, that fluid had acted the successful part of blood, which I was sure it was, and, from the quantity, led me to believe came from a bad wound in my side. I at once rejoined my command, rejoiced to know of my easy recovery, though not a little chagrined at the mistake I had so lucklessly made, which, as may be easily supposed, soon

became generally known, and, with the usual turn for sport and love of the ridiculous, which never forsook the soldier, became the source of no little amusement for them, and, at the same time, quite as much of chagrin for myself, the unwitting instrument of this little bit of camp gratification to them. I received the colors of the regiment from Lieut. Paxton, of company F, who had picked them up when struck from my hand. Though I was struck, and though the pain from it was severe enough to insure the presence of a pretty fully developed wound, yet no occasion of its repetition was suffered to pass by the fun-loving and joke-seeking men in camp; and I do not recall any of the few fortunate subsequent times, when we regaled ourselves on molasses, but it was the standing invitation on such occasions to ask me to partake of some blood. Ah! well, it is all over now, and whilst I ought not to regret having been the means of affording some little feast of the soul to the men whose feasts of the body were generally scarce, even when they had blood to eat, yet I solace myself now, as I did then, in knowing it was but a natural, however ridiculous, mistake, and, at this distant day, can scarce restrain a smile that approacheth a grin, when I remember it all, and how I felt when I knew my wound was not so bad a one after all, and that I was more scared than hurt. This was the only wound I received in the great Sharpsburg fight, and was truly one, indeed. I had often heard that "age ain't nowhere, but blood will tell;" but after this little contradictory evidence of my own, I have been led to believe that, however true it may be as to horses, the fitness of its application stops with them, and has no truth when spoken of the blood of man.

Like the demoralized Rebel at Fisher's Hill, in the great Valley of Virginia, during the hasty and precipitate retreat of the Southern soldiers from that memorable field, who, when besought in all the eloquence and warmth of patriotic devotion by that great and truly pure and noble son of the Old Commonwealth, our distinguished General Jubal A.

Early, who was vainly trying to stop the uncalled-for panic of his men, to quit running and rally, replied with a ready quaintness and aptness to the general state of demoralization around him, "Nary rally, General," so do we, in remembrance of our little episode at Sharpsburg, say to those of our friends, who would feel inclined to repeat the joke of that occasion for special rehearsal, "Nary blood, my friends!" For, you know, all these things have happily passed away, and the blood that so freely was shed by me on that remarkable occasion was all shed for my country, though it was furnished ready to hand for me by some one of my then hostile, but now friendly countrymen, and that it was as freely shed as though it had been all my own, which, was done on more than one other occasion, both before and after I mistook the copious deluge of the contents of my canteen to be the veritable liquid itself, though not by any means in such flowing abundance, nor yet in such gushing sweetness.

It is sweet to die for one's country, or, as the old Latins put it: "*Pro patria mori pulchra est*," yet it fell to our lot alone to materialize both the kind and the quantity of this sweetness, not in dying for my country, but by illustrating that, even in being wounded for the sake of country, there may be a good deal of honor and a large quantity of sweetness brought to light and experienced.

WILLIAM DUDLEY, OF RAPPAHANNOCK.

The subject of this sketch, a son of William Dudley, was member of the 49th Virginia Infantry, left the home of his parents in the early part of the war, and became one of the best and choicest of soldiers.

Where all were brave and willing in the discharge of the arduous duties of the camp and field, we may truly say William Dudley was no exception to the character of the Virginia soldier, but was, indeed, one of the very best in an army where bravery was the general rule, and to be

one of the very best was a character, in itself, of which any might well be proud to boast. He was quite young, scarcely seventeen, when he joined the army, and, from the time of his enlistment till the period of his untimely death, he was at once distinguished for the kindness and amiability of his disposition, no less than for his superior qualities as a soldier. Always at his post and ready to do all his duties, he never manifested uneasiness under restraint or lost confidence in the cause he had so willingly espoused. At all times he was to be found with his company, wherever it was called, inspiring his comrades by the buoyancy of his spirit, and cheering them to greater exertion by his example. In one of the many charges and counter-charges, which daily were fought in front of Petersburg, and on the same day Lieut. Anderson was killed, William Dudley, while with the sharpshooters, was struck in the head by a shell which killed him at once. He died at the post of honor and of danger, whilst doing all in his power in the cause of his country, and his name, young as he was, will be revered as one of the brave spirits whose life was given for the cause he could not save and which he loved so dearly. He went to join that noble, that immortal band of heroes of the South—

“On Fame’s eternal camping ground,
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round,
 The bivouac of our dead!”

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH ANDERSON.

Among the many brave and patriotic of the young men from Rappahannock, who gave their lives to the cause and sealed their devotion with their blood, were many whom we would gladly mention by name and offer our tribute, poor as it would be, to their memories. But this, we are now unable to do, in the absence of necessary information and facts required to do justice to their names. And, here, we beg to

say, that though we have been unable to obtain sketches of their lives and deeds, yet they are none the less worthy to be placed among and with the few whom we are enabled to mention in this book, as the full peers and worthy comrades, not only of them, but of all who fought and died in the great cause of the South. They are none the less honored because their names are not given in this book, or in any book. They live, and will live, in a more enduring and worthy character than any my humble pen could form for them, in the enduring entablatures of the hearts of their fellows in arms. Their beloved South will never forget them so long as worth is respected and merit receives its reward; and whilst we would most willingly add to the imperishable memory of their names, our humble tribute, still theirs is a far better and more lasting measure of praise than we could offer, even though we had tried. The soldiers of Rappahannock were a brave, worthy, and deserving class of men, and none could surpass them in their devotion and soldierly merit. They had their equals, but none were their superiors. To have excelled them would have required efforts and powers, more than mere human; to equal them, did require all that the best and truest of the many sons of the old State could do; and when the full history of their deeds and merit shall have been written, none will boast a better, a fairer, or a fuller meed of honor among that great roll of our fallen braves, than the men who gloried in hailing from the mountain-girt and well-watered lands of the county of old Rappahannock. They live, and will live, in the hearts of all true and brave men.

Lieutenant Anderson had not reached his majority when he was killed, and whilst we deeply regret that he was not spared to his career of usefulness and to his friends, still the fact he lived a good soldier in a cause he dearly loved, and for which he sacrificed his young life, is a source of comfort to the many who knew him and respected him for his worth. His was one of those brave spirits who feared no danger when it lay in the line of his duty, and whose life was a true and noble one, both as a citizen and a soldier.

Among the many whom we mourn and regret their early loss, none excelled Lieutenant Anderson in the beauty and sublimity of his devotion and patriotism, and none had more endeared themselves to their comrades in arms, by the honesty and usefulness of their lives.

It is sweet to die for one's country, and our fallen braves will never be forgotten, by those who knew them, for their worth and merit.

Lieutenant Joseph Anderson was one among the first who hastened to respond to the call of his State, and fired by all the enthusiasm of his young and buoyant nature, gladly entered the lists of the brave spirits of his countrymen, while the fact of his being from the county of Rappahannock, was full assurance that knowing his duty he would be ready and willing to do it. Lieutenant Anderson was one of the true spirits, whose presence among his men was always to be relied on, and whose judgment and firmness seldom failed him. Young as he was, scarcely more than seventeen years old, when he was elected to the responsible office of a lieutenant, by his comrades and companions; his youth had been spent amid country scenes and sports peculiarly fitting him for the camp, whilst his quick mind and ready judgment, under the difficulties surrounding the duties of an officer, at once gave him the full confidence of his men so necessary to the efficiency of all organized commands. He was remarkable, no less for the ease with which he accommodated himself to the duties of his office and of the soldier, than for the readiness with which he performed the many trying and severe demands that fell to the part of the Southern soldier. His bravery was witnessed on many a trying occasion; and the skill with which he acted his responsible part gave promise of future usefulness and proficiency. Like many of our soldiers, he was cut down when he had acquired a reputation that was well known, not only in his own company, but was beginning to mark him as one of those brave and efficient spirits who had risen from mere force of his worth and usefulness.

He was not spared to realize this promise, nor to return to the many of his friends and relatives among whom he was a general and beloved favorite. In one of the heavy skirmishes in front of Petersburg, he was mortally wounded whilst in command of a line of sharpshooters, who had advanced upon the lines of the enemy. He died as he had lived, in the performance of duty, and facing the enemy, before whom he had never quailed, and whom he had met and fought on many a bloody field.

MAJOR SWINDLER AND OTHERS OF RAPPAHANNOCK.

This gentleman lost his leg whilst bravely cheering on the men of the 7th Virginia infantry at the second battle of Manassas. His brother, Captain Swindler, was one of the brave officers in command of the famous cavalry of Ashby, afterwards commanded by Robertson, Jones, and Rosser. Lieutenant Ed. Walden died of disease contracted after the first battle of Manassas, in which he bore a brave and conspicuous part.

Captain Wm. Moffett, after his return home at the close of the war, began the practice of law in Washington. He died a few years afterwards from disease caused by exposure in the field. As a soldier, he was brave, true, and greatly beloved by his men. He gave great promise of success in his profession.

Captain Robert Duncan lost an arm in the Valley of Virginia whilst in command of his company in the 7th Virginia cavalry. In addition to this, he received four or five other severe wounds, and was well known for his conspicuous bravery and individual daring.

Dabney Eastham, a son of Frank Eastham, was wounded five times whilst with his cavalry company, and is now disabled in one of his arms from the effects of a gun-shot wound.

Charles Deer was one of the most daring members of Mosby's command, and was engaged in many of the great raids of his distinguished chieftain. He was severely wounded at different times.

But we have not the time to speak of all the soldiers of Rappahannock. To do so, would require more time and space than we can spare, and, besides, such is not the object of our book.

The writer is not familiar enough with the war record of the different commands from the county, and their members, to give a full report of their names and their brilliant deeds. He has been unable to get anything like a list of names, and those of whom he has spoken, have only been taken at random from the many others equally deserving of mention, but to go into even a recital of their names would require more space—even if we had them—than we can give.

They all belong to the great roll of Virginia's fallen braves, and their deeds and memories will never be forgotten. Their record is worthy of a better pen and nobler tribute than I can command, and, besides, their deaths and names were best honored in the enduring memory of their State and their fellows in arms. Each succeeding spring, when the warm days of the lengthening sun bring into beautiful life the opening flowers of the sunny South, upon the graves of each of our fallen braves is lovingly laid a floral tribute by the gentle hand of our honored women. A more beautiful, more suggestive and more fitting remembrance to the fallen heroes of the South, could not well be found; and so long as this yearly honor is paid, which we trust may long continue, so long will the men, who fought and died for the cause they could not save and a country they so dearly loved, live in the hearts of not only their contemporaries in time and in suffering, but by all their descendants, who learn the tale of their devotion and death, and proud of their ancestry, hasten to offer their simple, but heartfelt, tribute in memory of the sleeping heroes of the sunny South. How careful we should be to perpetuate a custom so touchingly beautiful, and which is doubly dear, in that it owes its origin and inception to the ladies of our own fair and lovely land of the South. They first gave this custom to the world, and like all the works of their fair and

pure hands, is worthy the perpetuation of ages, and does honor alike to the feeling and hearts of the living, as well as a touchingly beautiful homage to our dead.

CHAPTER XV.

And now my readers, I will not tire you with anything more as to my life and its ups and downs. You have already had enough of it, and I now close by hoping I have not proved altogether uninteresting.

The task has been a heavier one than I anticipated, and to pay me for the trouble, I trust I may sell a great many of my books, and for this purpose will call on my friends in Rappahannock and elsewhere.

The sketch of Barbee, the sculptor, which closes my book, is the offering of one of his many admirers, which I trust may awaken some interest towards the paying of some suitable honor to his memory.

As a worthy and distinguished son of our county, we should be proud of him and of his fame. Artists are not so many that we cannot pay them deserved honor; and since, of the few of whom our country can boast, our good county of Rappahannock can lay claim to one of the best and worthiest, we may well boast of our fellow-citizen and countryman, who did so much to honor himself, and in honoring his own name, left us to guard and cherish it.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH BARBEE.

The subject of this sketch, William Randolph Barbee, was born in the county of Rappahannock, Va., about the year 18—, in a house which stands on the very summit of the Blue Ridge and directly on the side of the road leading from Sperryville, at the eastern base of the mountain, to Luray, the county seat of Page. His father, Russell Barbee, raised a large family in this house, and for many years kept a house of private entertainment. All the pro-

duce at that day was carried in wagons to Fredericksburg, Va., as far west as Shenandoah county, and the proceeds arising from the stopping of the numerous wagons at his house, contributed in no small degree to the support of the family; the farm itself being a rough mountainous one, only small, detached parts of which were capable of cultivation, and then only for such grains as are grown on such rugged heights.

William Randolph Barbee received no education save such as the then country schools afforded, he attending these in the winter months, and helping at home during the rest of the year.

His talent for art early developed itself, but received no encouragement nor culture till he almost arrived at his majority; numerous evidences, however, of his superior art-talent are still remaining in the houses of his many friends of that day, in the names, elegantly engraved, of the owners of little home trinkets, he taking great pleasure in thus developing his talent and at the same time contributing no little to the gratification of his friends.

At this time he would engrave with great skill and taste all the silver-ware, ornaments and jewelry of his acquaintances, and there is now in the possession of a lady of this county a gold thimble with her name elegantly engraven on its surface, the youthful handiwork of the young artist.

Besides this, not a few of his young days were spent in cutting and forming figures of various kinds out of the soft and tractable mountain slate, some specimens of which, of a peculiarly fit kind for the purpose, were found in abundance among the rocks surrounding his home. Speaking of this period in the development of his great genius, which in a few years was to grow into the full measure of his crowning glory, a friend, who still survives him, says:

At school (one of the mountain nurseries for the training of the youth of that day,) William was constantly surprising and delighting his comrades by the shaping and forming of new and wonderful figures and images, whilst many

of us, with chalk and knife in hand, would gather about him, trying with all the zeal and skill of which we were masters to imitate him, but all to no purpose ; for whilst he with quick and dextrous chipping would in a few minutes bring out from the pliable slate any object which at the time happened to engage his attention or strike his fancy, the rest of us try as we would only succeeded in cutting away our blocks, and in despair soon knew that none but William could make what he wanted. And then his services were always in demand for the gratification of his comrades, and many an hour, when he was supposed to be diligently conning his lessons, his knife was as busy as his mind, though both needed no incentive, in the employ of his associates.

Of the many proofs of his skill and ready genius thus made, may here and there in the neighboring houses still be found a few, as carefully kept as household gods. One, a figure of the idol in the back part of Mitchell's geography, is a perfect *fac simile* of that heathen divinity, the horror of all the younger children. Not following the by no means easy career of our artist from this time till his name was known by his works, we will only say that he was unknown as an artist till after the elapse of some years, when he finished the "Coquette," which was at once recognized by the world as a mark of no ordinary merit and excellence, but one evincing genius which classed its author among those composing the small list of true artists. Unfortunately, at this time his parents were in no condition to advance the ambitious aims and hopes of their talented son, and no systematic means were at his command to regularly prosecute his art culture. Yet he was not idle, never unoccupied or despondent, but all the time indulging the aims for the future he was not permitted fully to enjoy. The seeds of an insatiate and incurable disease having been early implanted in his system, and, like those whom the gods love, he was doomed to an early death—a death that came too early for his name and his fame. Remaining at

his home, surrounded by all the natural grandeur of the finest mountain scenery in the Old Dominion, which could not fail to interest the young artist, he was married in the year 18— to Miss Mary McCoy, of Page county, an estimable lady, who, with several children, still survive him.

Sometime in the year 18—, Mr. Barbee determined to go to Italy, there to pursue a regular art course of study in the best schools of that famed country, and to be surrounded by the best influences, preparatory to the execution of the designs long formed in his own mind. It was during his stay in that country that his genius, heretofore crude and untutored and lacking system, asserted itself and gave that certain evidence of that renown that so quickly followed. Here he finished the "Coquette" and "Fisher Girl"—and the name of Barbee began to be known.

Their reception in Europe was most encouraging and flattering, and were there regarded as marvels of art creation, and for first pieces of exceeding beauty of conception and fine execution.

On his return home, and having opened a studio in Baltimore, his "Coquette" and "Fisher Girl" at once became the admiration and delight of many who were fortunate enough to see them, their reputation as gems of art having preceded them and their author, and though he had rested his fame on these two, he had already gained a name unsurpassed by any other modern artist as pieces of first execution.

These lovely creations, instinct almost with life and radiant with beauty, are the pledges of what he would have done when his studio had been fully completed and his capacities more developed.

As first pieces we do not hesitate to say they stand unrivalled, and to this day have stood the test and trial of years, without loss of any of that just standard of excellence so unhesitatingly awarded. His third work was left unfinished, and he died leaving the model in clay, bequeathing its transfer to the marble to other but no better hands. He named it "The Lost Pleiad," and upon it he had bestowed long and laborious thought, labor and study.

Upon it he intended to rest his reputation as an artist, and the design is said, by critics, to be indescribably beautiful—a real art gem, chaste and singularly true and correct in its delineation.

This work was most reluctantly abandoned by Mr. Barbee, whose rapidly declining health and great suffering compelled him to quit his studies, drop his chisel, and seek in the quiet of his mountain home and the scenes of his youth, that health which was never to return; and so was lost to art and his country the final execution of his best and most studied piece, one of the merits of which was that it was the choice and favorite of its gifted author.

The beautiful myth which gives the history of the loss of the eighth star in the Pleiad, and describes her as a lovely, yet sad wanderer from the company of her seven sisters, and a restless fugitive from the place where they now twinkle and shine in all the splendor and radiance of their starry home, to be forever a lonely, lost one through the trackless space of the heavens. This gave to its author the conception of his ideal—as original as it was unique, as beautiful as it was in strict keeping with art. Unhappily for us, and the world, “The Lost Pleiad” of Barbee can never be what its author would have made it, but unfinished, it remains a companion in name and in fate of its unhappy original—lost, too, like she, and never to take its place in that niche in the gallery of fame, which could never be filled by another had its unfortunate author lived to have transplanted his ideal to the enduring marble. It was during the time he was preparing to finish *The Lost Pleiad*, that Mr. Barbee was attacked by that fell destroyer and enemy of man, the cancer, and from the period it made its first appearance on his ear, he passed but few days, and even hours, of comparative ease and quiet. This cancer eat away the flesh rapidly, and each day his sufferings increased. The great pain he suffered sorely tried his strength, and his general health, never good, gave way under the severe ordeal through which he was passing. He now gave but little attention to

his profession, which he loved with all the ardor of his great devotion, but at times, when comparatively quiet, he spoke of his unfinished piece with all the fervor and admiration of a father describing the traits of a beautiful and adored child. His whole soul was wrapped up in his love of art—his great aim the finishing of *The Lost Pleiad*.

Barbee's days were full of pain and hopes unfulfilled, and though spent among the friends of his youth, and surrounded by his family, yet the destroying cancer that was fast eating away his life, with a sure and rapid progress, and the knowledge it was to work the destruction of all the many and cherished aims for the future, could not but make him less cheerful than what he was known to be by the many warm friends who loved him so dearly. He died a victim to the insatiate disease that took away his brother in fame and in art, the lamented Crawford, whose picture of *Liberty*, high up in the summit of the dome of the Capitol, speaks a living evidence of his genius and talent. Both these gifted Virginians and devoted art scholars, died in the very youth of their glory and in the zenith of their fame, the victims of cancer.

From the first appearance of the cancer till Barbee slept in death, nothing would stay its progress, nothing give relief, nothing check its painful and rapid growth, and he died as he had lived, a good and Christian gentleman, wedded to his art and ambitious of his fame and name. As a man he was as prominent in all the nobler qualities that embellish and adorn private life, as he was gifted and successful in art. Thoroughly unselfish and amiable, living a life of quiet and industrious prosecution of his profession, he was as much admired and beloved by the many who knew him in his social hours, as he was honored and respected for the eminent genius and success of his art career. In his manners he was gentle and affectionate, strongly devoted to his family and thoroughly domestic in his habits, though steadfast and resolute in the manly discharge of all his duties, and conscientious in the full measure of all his obligations. He was un-

swerving in the line of his conduct, and uncompromisingly true to every demand in the quiet walk of life—truthful, resolute and manly—a true child of art, who adorned his daily life in the same degree he advanced and dignified the cause and works of art. His life was a bright embodiment of all that is lovely in the human virtues. There was no guile nor malice in his character, and the controlling feeling of his life was love—love for his fellow man and love for his art. His mental endowments were strong, his accomplishments liberal, and his travel and observation extensive; and these, together with his bright and genial nature, made him a charming and an entertaining companion. None left his company without regret, and the final parting from him caused pain and sorrow in the hearts of a multitude of mourning and admiring friends. His posthumous work, though, without question, the best if finished, still what he has left are living evidences of his great genius and art success—these require nothing more to declare him one of the gifted sons of his native State, honored in the purity of his life and known by his fame and the greatness of his genius. Barbee was a true lover of good, true and the beautiful; an enthusiast in his art, and delighting in an æsthetic realm. He detected the beautiful, whether in art or in nature, and wherever found, worshipped it with all the ardor of his warm and devoted nature. His mind was forever going out into the realms, alone congenial to souls like his, where it could revel in delight amid scenes of beauty and of grandeur. Dying, as he did, in the prime of life, and when he had but just educated himself for an art work, with many designs in view, and with work laid out to take years of earnest thought and arduous labor to complete, he quit this life, leaving a legacy, in his unfinished work, to his brothers in art—a bequest yet unfulfilled, and “The Lost Pleiad” is still lost—a foundling yet unadopted.

It may yet be a labor of love as well of professional pride, for his son, to whom has descended much of the art genius of his father, to take up this unfinished work and transplant the

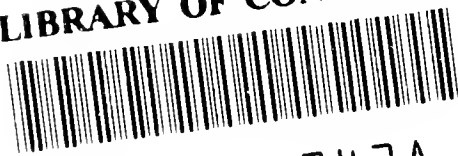
beautiful ideal to the enduring marble, where it can be seen and admired by the world, and many are now anxiously awaiting this accomplishment with no little anxiety and expectation.

We trust it will be done by his son, for he, of all others, will feel that pride in the work a son has for the name and memory of his father. "The Coquette" is now in the possession of Captain John Meem, the owner of the princely Mount Airy estate in Shenandoah county, Va. A little accident happened to it a few years ago, by its falling from its pedestal, by which the little finger of the right hand was broken—one, happily, that was easily repaired, and the statue now stands perfect, the mischief having been so skillfully repaired as not to be detected. "The Fisher Girl" is at the art galleries of Myers & Medians' in Baltimore, Md. Barbee lies buried within a few rods of the home in which he was born. Passing across the Blue Ridge, a short while since, my attention was attracted by a rough stone enclosure, rudely built and close to the line dividing the counties of Rappahannock and Page. To the left of it, and about half-a-mile, almost perpendicularly up, stands "Mary's Rock," a well known peak with its romance and history, the highest point of the Blue Ridge in the State of Virginia, and, perhaps, of the long line of blue mountains. This humble square of mountain granite, which but lately took the place of one of rails, encloses the grave of Barbee, the gifted sculptor of Virginia. Here he sleeps after a short, but remarkably bright career—sleeps on the very summit of that mountain where his eyes were first opened; where his youth was spent and where he died. His humble grave, unmarked and unmarbled, the only tribute to his memory, high up in the clouds, and where, for half the year it is hid by the snows and invisible even to the passer by, is scarcely seen save by those who know his history and go to visit the humble grave of Barbee; and they, in wonder, gaze upon it and ask why one so good, so gifted, and so famed in art, should sleep beneath! Over it the mountain winds sweep and howl in undisturbed and unbroken freedom.

There is no silence like that of the tomb, but that which broods over the last resting place of Barbee, is a silence indeed. His old home, a few rods off, is turning and tumbling to speedy and certain decay without a staying hand. 'Tis no longer the comfortable and happy home it was—and strangers now inhabit it—where once was the resort of sight seekers come to view the grand and sublime expanse of hill, and the valley stretching away in the far distance.

His works live, though Barbee is no more. We cannot close this sketch without remarking the fact that artists, as a class, especially of modern days, seem special victims to early deaths, and that so many die of that fearful scourge the cancer. Crawford, cut off in the vigor of his life; Rhinehart in the zenith of his glory, and Barbee in the prime of his fame. Of all these eminent Americans, Barbee alone sleeps in an humble and unmarked grave; and now that a tardy justice is at last done credit to Poe, may we not hope a suitable monument will soon be erected over the grave of Barbee; and whether a marble shaft, on the summit of the mountain, or in the valley, it is due to his memory and to his genius.

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